The Relief Society Magazine

OL. 34 NO. 4

APRIL 1947

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

RELIEF SOCIETY GENERAL BOARD

Belle S. Spafford - - - - - - President
Marianne C. Sharp - - - - - First Counselor
Gertrude R. Garff - - - - - Second Counselor
Margaret C. Pickering - - - - - Secretary-Treasurer

Achsa E. Paxman, Priscilla L. Evans, Evon W. Peterson, Mary J. Wilson
Mary G. Judd, Florence J. Madsen, Leone O. Jacobs, Florence G. Smith
Anna B. Hart, Leone G. Layton, Velma N. Simonsen, Lillie C. Adams
Edith S. Elliott, Blanche B. Stoddard, Isabel B. Callister

RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Editor - - - - - - - - - - Marianne C. Sharp
Editorial Secretary - - - - - - - - - Vesta P. Crawford
General Manager - - - - - - - - - - Belle S. Spafford

Vol. 34 APRIL 1947 No. 4

Contents

SPECIAL FEATURES

The Greatest Miracle ..... Elder Spencer W. Kimball 219
Birthday Greetings to President Smith 224
Latter-day Saint Pioneers in New Mexico ..... Estelle Webb Thomas 225
Nature's Sculpture Work ..... Willard Luce 236
Pioneer Stories and Incidents: Handcart Pioneers II ..... President Amy Brown Lyman 245
Breakfast Is an Important Meal ..... Hazel Stevens 251
Mormonism in the Eyes of the Press: The Press Views Mormonism as a Zionist Movement ..... Elder James R. Clark 261
Select Safe Clothes ..... C. Elaine Ericksen 266
Color For the Centennial Summer ..... Vesta P. Crawford 270
A Reward For Cheerful Service ..... Lucinda M. Chidester Harrington 274

FICTION

Young Samantha ..... Christie Lund Coles 232
A Place in the Country: The Arrival ..... Ruby Scranton Jones 242
Where Trails Run Out—Chapter 3 ..... Anna Prince Redd 254
The Woman of the Shawl ..... C. Frank Steele 268

GENERAL FEATURES

Sixty Years Ago 248
Woman's Sphere ..... Ramona W. Cannon 249
Editorial: "All These Things Shall Be Held in Remembrance" ..... Vesta P. Crawford 250
Notes From the Field: Relief Society Bazaars and General Activities ..... General Secretary-Treasurer, Margaret C. Pickering 275

POETRY

Mary Magdalene—Frontispiece ..... Dorothy J. Roberts 217
Opinions ..... Lillian S. Smith 234
In Waiting ..... Eva Willes Wangsgaard 235
Prisoner ..... Margery S. Stewart 244
A Gull at Dawn ..... Jo Adelaide Stock 247
Walk a Little Way With Me ..... Leona Bammes Gardner 247
The Amaryllis ..... Evelyn Fjeldsted 253
The Challenge of a Daffodil ..... Wanda M. Lund 265
Weber River ..... Beatrice K. Ekman 265
Chastisement ..... Genevieve J. Van Wagenen 267
April Wisdom ..... Maude Blixt Trone 267
Recompense ..... Berta H. Christensen 269
Be Still ..... Olive C. Wehr 274
I Shall Be Glad ..... Jeanette P. Parry 286

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY

Editorial and Business Offices: 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City 1, Utah, Phone 3-2741. Ex. 243. Subscription Price: $1.00 a year; foreign, $1.00 a year; payable in advance. Single copy, 10c. The Magazine is not sent after subscription expires. Renew promptly so that no copies will be missed. Report change of address at once, giving both old and new address.

Entered as second-class matter February 18, 1914, at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, under the act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 8, 1917, authorized June 29, 1918. Manuscripts will not be returned unless return postage is enclosed. Rejected manuscripts will be retained for six months only. The Magazine is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts.

MAGAZINE CIRCULATION, 85,000

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. 34, NO. 4 APRIL 1947

MARY MAGDALENE

Dorothy J. Roberts

Seeing the lily's white petal hold
Its tapered pistil, a wand of gold,
And hearing the hymns of Easter drift
Through sun-bright air of spring and lift
The listening heart, I think of her,
Mary of Magdala, the stir
Of her garment as she knelt, the first
In the garden when the pink light burst
Its widening bloom above the dark
Chasms of the Dead Sea, tinting the stark
Mount of Jerusalem opal and pearl.
I think of her watching the black night furl
As she uttered the motif of sound to roll
Into a world paean where glad bells toll.

Little her woman's mind understood
The mysteries. In the dew-wet wood,
Seeing the stone had been rolled away
And only his folded linen lay
Limp in the tomb, little she knew
Save his promises. As the palm leaf grew
Sharper against a coral cloud,
She could only weep and cry aloud
To a Figure near in the dim half-light:
"Where have you laid him?" Her face as bright
As the eastern sky at his answering;
To hear the voice of the Master ring
Alive and resonant through her grief.

I think of her rising in swift belief,
Her rippled hair streaming in the dawn,
Her sandaled footsteps racing on,
Faithful and unafraid, to fly
Into the ages with her cry.

The Cover: "Springtime Blossoms," Photograph by Walter P. Cottam

From a Painting by Hofmann

EASTER MORNING

The Greatest Miracle

Elder Spencer W. Kimball
Member of the Quorum of the Twelve

"CHRIST Is Risen!" called a friend to his neighbor, and his friend, likewise a faithful Christian, responded: "He is risen indeed!" Thus, with this assuring salutation and a kiss, the brethren long ago greeted each other on Easter morning.

Again we approach the Eastertime in commemoration of the resurrection of the Lord, and though many professed Christian leaders and laity would trim from the wondrous story its divinity and supernatural aspects, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints affirms and bears testimony to a doubting world that Jesus Christ, born in Bethlehem, was the Son of God—the Only Begotten of the Father, and having fully met and conquered all enemies, including death, he was the "firstfruits of them that slept," and opened the door to redemption to all the mortal beings with earth existence. And because he was divine as well as mortal, and because he overcame all things and became perfected, he had the power to come forth from the grave, and the long awaited resurrection became a reality.

Many are the modern doubters. They would say with doubting Thomas, "Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe" (John 20:25). And to them the Lord says: "Be not faithless, but believing" (John 21:27). And to those many who, full of faith, accept the miraculous happening, he says: ". . . . blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed" (John 21:29).

And the message of Easter comes ringing year after year, a sweet refrain: "Believe—Believe."

This greatest miracle of all time we celebrate each Eastertime. It is the miracle of the victory over the grave, the nullification of the sting of death, the triumph over the last enemy—death.

A miracle is an event which we do not understand or explain. Since the beginning of the race, all men had died through disease, accident, or senility, and no escape from this dread fatality had ever been found, though intellectuals had studied, physicians had experimented, and all known cures had been attempted. It is true that death had been postponed by skilled technicians and, in the case of the widow's son, Elijah actually overcame death temporarily, but for a time only, for this person, restored for a time to his sorrowing mother, must yet pass through the dissolution process of mortal death. In the case of Lazarus the Savior also delayed the death of dissolution by calling this friend from the tomb. But, here again, Lazarus was not changed to immortality, but remained still a mortal, subject to disease and accident, and must, in days to come, pass through the dreaded change again.

And so it remained for Jesus of Nazareth to have and use the power

to overcome death in oneself. And through him now comes power to all who have lived on earth to come forth in immortality. "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive" (I Cor. 15:22).

The mystery of the resurrection was so little comprehended, small wonder that the disciples of Jesus continued to question him and to stand in awe as he spoke of his death and resurrection. Though the scriptures with which they were somewhat familiar had spoken of such a miracle, it seemed beyond their comprehension, for ". . . . yet they believed not on him . . . . though he had done so many miracles before them . . . ." (John 12:37). How could they understand when, in their experience, nothing like this of which Jesus spoke had ever happened before! And Peter said: "Lord, whither goest thou?" (John 13:36). And "Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest . . . ." (John 14:5). And, speaking wonderingly among themselves, they frequently said " . . . . we cannot tell what he saith" (John 16:18).

They even supposed that he talked of buildings made by hands when he said:

. . . . Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up. Then said the Jews, Forty and six years was this temple in building, and wilt thou rear it up in three days? But he spake of the temple of his body (John 2:19-21).

Jesus frequently spoke to them of his death and of his resurrection. And the old scriptures which they read had referred to this miracle. Job had said:

If a man die, shall he live again? All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come (Job. 14:14).

And though, after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God . . . (Job 19:26).

And the psalmist declared:

For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell; neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption (Psalms 16:10).

. . . I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness (Psalms 17:15).

Isaiah promised:

He will swallow up death in victory; and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces (Isaiah 25:8).

Yet still his followers were confused and understood not.

ONLY a God could bring about this miracle of resurrection. As a teacher of righteousness, Jesus could inspire souls to goodness; as a prophet, he could foreshadow the future; as an intelligent leader of men, he could organize a Church; and as a possessor and magnifier of the Priesthood, he could heal the sick, give sight to the blind, and even raise other dead; but only as a God could he raise himself from the tomb, overcome death permanently, and bring incorruption in place of corruption, and replace mortality with immortality.

Very early in his mortal life, Jesus seemed to realize that he was of divine parentage, and that in him lay the power to effect the miracle which was yet such a deep mystery. At twelve, he reminded his family:

Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business? And they understood not the saying which he spake unto them (Luke 2:49-50).

Later, he spoke of his death and of this new power which he possessed:

I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep . . . . and I lay down my life for the sheep . . . . No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again. This commandment have I received of my Father (John 10:11, 15, 18).

All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth (Matt. 28:18).

And when impetuous Peter raised his sword and inflicted damage to the mobster in Gethsemane, the calm Lord said:

Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to my Father, and he shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels? But how then shall the scriptures be fulfilled? (Matt. 26:53-54).

And we know that he was omnipotent, for he is God. In the writings of Moses the Lord spoke, saying:

I am the Beginning and the End, the Almighty God; by mine Only Begotten I created these things . . . (Moses 2:1).

And in the Book of Abraham that great prophet tells us that, associated with the Father, was the one "like unto the Son of Man" (Abraham 3:27), who was to become Jesus of Nazareth in the flesh:

And they went down at the beginning, and they, that is the Gods, organized and formed the heavens and the earth (Abraham 4:1).

Again the Savior identified himself before his mortal birth, saying to the Jaredites:

Behold I am he who was prepared from the foundation of the world to redeem my people. Behold, I am Jesus Christ (Ether 3:14).

And to the Nephites he said:

Behold I am Jesus Christ the Son of God. I created the heavens and the earth, and all things that in them are. I was with the Father from the beginning . . . (3 Nephi 9:15).

Having created the earth and planned its program, he understood the processes of life and death and the resurrection, and had power to deal with them. He knew the end from the beginning, for he told the Nephites in America, on the night that Joseph and Mary were in the stable in Bethlehem anticipating his coming:

. . . . on the morrow come I into the world, to show unto the world that I will fulfill all that which I have caused to be spoken by the mouth of my holy prophets (3 Nephi 1:13).

Being mortal and divine, and having suffered all things, he now became perfect. He had overcome temptations, he had restored the gospel, established his Church, and now suffered death to come upon him, " . . . . to fulfill all righteousness" (Matthew 3:15), that he might inaugurate the wholly new program of the resurrection, so mysterious and unexplainable to the people.

The resurrection is literal. In accordance with the predictions made by his prophets before him and by Jesus Christ himself, he came forth from the grave and the greatest miracle of all time was a reality. He had gone below all things that he might rise above all things. He had suffered a humiliating, ignoble death by crucifixion; a death so intolerable and cruel. Extremely horrible as was his death, in contrast was his resurrection glorious.

For indeed, a death by crucifixion seems to include all that pain and death can have of horrible and ghastly dizziness, cramp, thirst, starvation, sleeplessness, traumatic fever, tetanus, publicity of shame, long con-

tinuance of torment, horror of anticipation, mortification of untended wounds—all intensified just up to the point at which they can be endured at all, but all stopping just short of the point which would give the sufferer the relief of unconsciousness. The unnatural position made every movement painful; the lacerated veins and crushed tendons throbbed with incessant anguish; the wounds, inflamed by exposure, gradually gangrened; the arteries—especially of the head and stomach—became swollen and oppressed with surcharged blood; and while each variety of misery went on gradually increasing, there was added to them the intolerable pang of burning and raging thirst; and all these physical complications caused an internal excitement and anxiety, which made the prospect of death itself—of death, the awful unknown enemy, at whose approach man usually shudders most—bear the aspect of a delicious and exquisite release. (Cannon Farrar, *Life of Christ*, p. 499).

HIS death was ignominious, terrible, awful, but in striking contrast was the tranquility, beauty, and glory of his resurrection. Ever since mortality came upon Adam, men had feared death, the one enemy which could never be conquered. Herbs and medicines, prayers and surgery, medicine-men and priests, sorcery and magic, all had been used for milleniums in an attempt to overcome, or at least to postpone death but, in spite of all the machinations and efforts of men in all the earth, up to this time they had failed; and the rich and poor, ignorant and educated, black, brown, red, or white, priest and people, all had gone down in death and gone back to mother earth.

But now came the miracle—the revolution, the unbelievable marvel which none could explain and which none could deny. For the body which these hosts had seen persecuted, tortured, and drained of its life's blood, and left dead upon the cross; the body from which all life had ebbed; the body which lay entombed those long hours in a small, closed and sealed, oxygenless room into the third day; the person who had suffered the fate of death like hundreds of millions before him was calmly walking in the garden, animated, fresh, alive!

No human hands had been at work to remove the sealed door nor to resuscitate nor restore. No magician nor sorcerer had invaded the precincts to work his cures; not even the Priesthood, exercised by another, had been brought in use to heal, but the God who had purposefully and intentionally laid down his life had, by the power of his godhead, taken up his life again. The change had been wrought in the little sealed room without help or knowledge of the sorrowing individuals who would gladly have done anything to assist. Alone, by the power he possessed within himself, came the greatest miracle. The spirit which had been by him commended to his Father in Heaven from the cross, and which, according to his later reports, had been to the spirit world, had returned and, ignoring the impenetrable walls of the sepulcher, had entered the place, re-entered the body, had caused the stone door to be rolled away, and walked in life again, with his body changed to immortality, incorruptible—his every faculty keen and alert.

Unexplainable? Yes! And not understandable — but incontestable. More than 500 unimpeachable witnesses had contact with him. They walked with him, talked with him, ate with him, felt the flesh of his body and saw the wounds in his

side and feet and hands; discussed with him the program which had been common to them, and him; and, by many infallible proofs knew and testified that he was risen, and that that last and most dreaded enemy, death, had been overcome. And they testified, also, that since he had opened the grave, many others had been likewise raised into immortality through the same program, and had likewise been identified and accepted in Jerusalem. And so, for forty days, the earth he had created was sanctified by his presence; his Church was perfected; his people were inspired with a fire that would never be extinguished; and then he ascended to his Father in Heaven.

Our abhorrence at his torture and our sorrow at his ignoble death are turned to joy and gratitude as we realize in the miracle of the resurrection the mastery over death. The Master himself predicted our deep emotions:

> Verily, verily, I say unto you, That ye shall weep and lament, but the world shall rejoice: and ye shall be sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be turned into joy.
>
> A woman when she is in travail hath sorrow, because her hour is come: but as soon as she is delivered of the child, she remembereth no more the anguish, for joy that a man is born into the world.
>
> And ye now therefore have sorrow: but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you (John 16:20-22).

To the Latter-day Saints the resurrection is indeed a reality, for resurrected beings have appeared in this dispensation. John the Baptist, the forerunner of the Savior, beheaded by Herod, came to restore the Aaronic Priesthood and, embodied with a tabernacle of flesh and bones, he laid his hands upon Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery, conferring upon them the Priesthood.

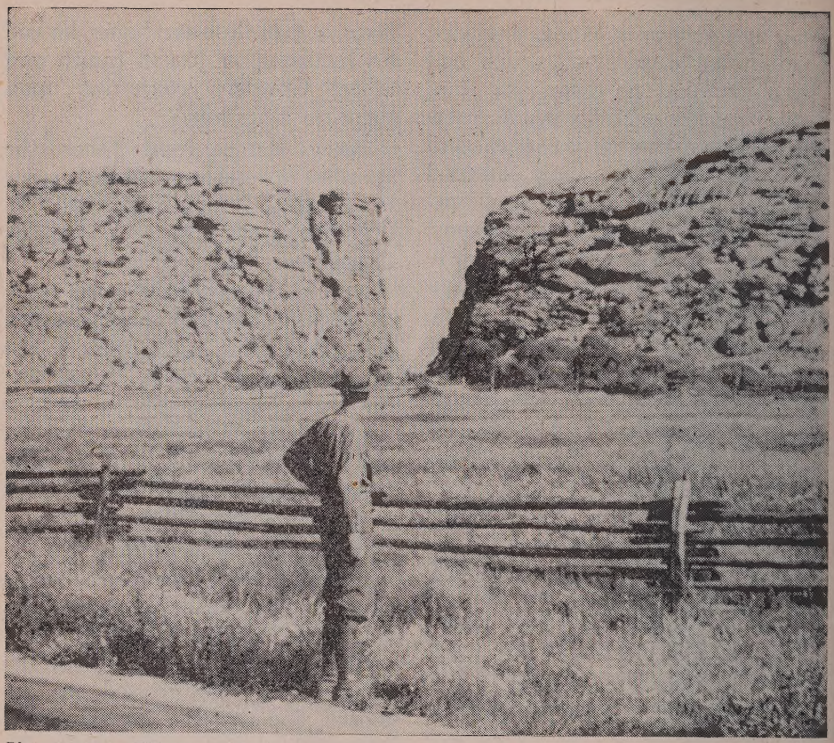
Peter, James, and John, the apostles, in resurrected bodies, came to restore to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery, the Melchizedek Priesthood.

Moroni, last heard of in the vicinity of Hill Cumorah about fourteen centuries earlier, came again in the nineteenth century to bring the Book of Mormon plates, and to teach the gospel to the boy Prophet; and God the Father, and his Son, Jesus Christ, appeared in the grove to the young Prophet.

And so we bear testimony that the being who created the earth and its contents, who made numerous appearances upon the earth prior to his birth in Bethlehem, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is resurrected and immortal, and that this great boon of resurrection and immortality becomes now, through our Redeemer, the heritage of mankind, and we cry to all the inhabitants of the earth—in the words of Mary Connelly Kimball:

> Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead. Awake to an appreciation of all that is highest and best. Live not the narrow sordid life, but the big life of helpfulness. Cast away the cloak of selfishness, put on the mantle of love. Awake! Arise! Go forth with a light step, a glad heart, a happy smile, for Christ is risen! He has conquered death, hell, and the grave! Honor and praise him for, through his atoning sacrifice, the grave has lost its victory, death its sting, and all shall come forth from the tomb to the judgment. Burst forth into singing, you ransomed ones. Praise him who has ascended on High.

Note: Mary Connelly Kimball will be remembered as the gracious and gifted editor of *The Relief Society Magazine*, 1930-37.



Photograph by Wilford C. Wood

PRESIDENT GEORGE ALBERT SMITH AT MARTIN'S COVE, WYOMING EN ROUTE FROM NAUVOO, ILLINOIS, TO SALT LAKE CITY, FOLLOWING THE PIONEER TRAIL, JULY 1946

Birthday Greetings to President Smith

April 4, 1947

IN this Centennial year President George Albert Smith celebrates his seventy-seventh birthday. The General Board of Relief Society and the members in all the stakes and missions of the Church remember, with love and gratitude, President Smith whose life exemplifies virtues possessed by the pioneers—courage, patience, kindliness, wisdom, and great faith.

We particularly appreciate, at this time, President Smith's efforts (as President of the Utah Pioneer Trails and Landmarks Association for nearly seventeen years) to mark the Latter-day Saint pioneer trails with suitable monuments so that the heroic story of our forefathers may be kept before the coming generations.

We extend our congratulations to you, President Smith, and we wish for you health and happiness and a long life in the mountain valleys you love so well.

Latter-Day Saint Pioneers in New Mexico

Estelle Webb Thomas

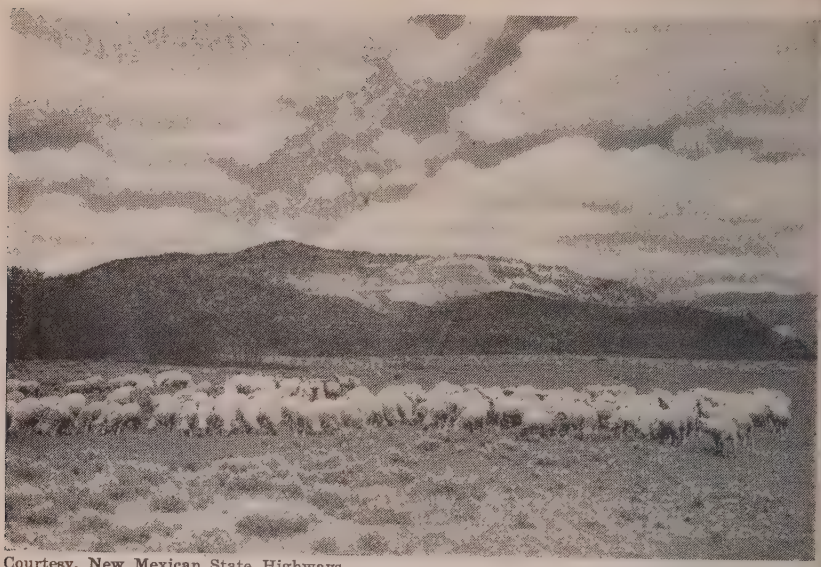
THE high plateau country of New Mexico is divided almost in half by the Rio Grande River, which rises in the Colorado mountains to the north and flows southward to El Paso, Texas, from which place it outlines, for many miles, the border between Texas and Old Mexico.

Before the white men came, many tribes of Indians claimed the blue hills, the high mountains, and the cactus-clad deserts of New Mexico. These were the wild and nomadic Navajos, Apaches, and Comanches, and the more civilized Pueblo people who lived along the valley of the Rio Grande in agricultural communities.

White men explored the wilderness of New Mexico long before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, before Jamestown, Virginia, was settled, and, very soon after the discovery of Florida by the Spaniards. Thus, the trails of white men in New Mexico are very old, and the story of early exploration in this region is linked with the conquistadors and their search for the Seven Cities of Cibola, which were supposed to contain great wealth and treasure. Between 1528 and 1536, Cabeza de Vaca visited many of the Pueblo villages. He was followed by other explorers and, by 1598, a colony of 400 white men and their families was established at San Juan under the leadership of Juan de Onate. In 1605, the settlement of Santa Fe was begun.

The advent of the Latter-day Saints into New Mexico began with the perilous trek of the Mormon Battalion. In 1846, after the saints had left Nauvoo and while they were traveling through Iowa, they were called upon to furnish 500 men to take part in the war against Mexico. With much difficulty and many hardships, the Mormon Battalion was marshalled and, during September and October, the men, in several detachments, arrived in Santa Fe. From that place they traveled down the Rio Grande almost to El Paso, Texas, and then turned westward toward the Gila River and the deserts of Arizona. Thus, the brave Battalion men crossed through a large part of New Mexico. They suffered greatly from fatigue, hunger, thirst, and from diseases of various kinds. Many of the men died en route and so were never reunited with their families in the valleys of the mountains.

Ten years after the pioneers arrived in Salt Lake Valley, Jacob Hamblin, the famous scout and frontiersman, crossed the Colorado River and began his work as a missionary-explorer of the canyon country. His contacts with the Indians eventually led him, as well as other missionaries, into the New Mexico hills northwest of the section tra-



Courtesy, New Mexican State Highways

SHEEP ON THE RANGE IN NORTHERN NEW MEXICO
Pastoral Scene in the Cumbres Pass Region

versed earlier by the Mormon Battalion.

The usual pattern of history in the Southwest was followed in the case of the Latter-day Saint settlement. First, came the missionaries, then, the settlers. The first to build homes were Lorenzo Hatch and John Maughn, who settled in the Zuni pueblo country in 1876.

Luther Burnham, who had been a missionary among the Indians for two years, brought his family, in 1877, to Savoia (later Ramah), which was named for the Spanish word "cebolla," meaning *onion*. This frontier settlement, almost straight west of Albuquerque and near the Arizona-New Mexico boundary, was surrounded by weird mesa mountains and a great expanse of desert.

After two years here, since the uncertain temper of the Indians made life hazardous for a young family, Elder Burnham was advised by the Church authorities to move to St. Johns, Arizona, where the Latter-day Saints were building a settlement. Two years later he was again sent to New Mexico. This time he settled on the San Juan River, near the Utah border, where many of his descendants still live.

During the period of early settlement, the San Juan Stake extended from Moab, on Grand River, Utah, to Hammond (now Bloomfield), New Mexico, on the San Juan River. Visiting Church authorities from Salt Lake City had to travel about six hundred miles by wagon or buggy, over the roughest and most primitive roads, to cover this stake. In May 1912 it was divided and the eastern part, lying in New Mexico,

has since been called the Young Stake.

"Had a Church social last night; took in thirty dollars, guaranteeing us another month of school."

Contrast this entry from an old Church record, and the picture it presents, with the beautiful, modern chapel, up-to-date consolidated school, fine residences, farms, and orchards of the Kirtland Ward today, and the story of the Latter-day Saints in New Mexico during the past half century is dramatically told.

WHEN the Burnhams arrived on the San Juan there were only four or five white families in this region, although farther up the river the little town of Farmington was already well established.

The treaty of 1868 had been long enough in force, so that the Indians, as a whole, were friendly and peaceable, and the attitude of the Latter-day Saints fostered this spirit. True to Brigham Young's admonition to feed rather than to fight the Indians, the saints were quick with neighborly overtures and, though there were a few unhappy incidents and soldiers were called from Fort Wingate to restore order, it was not long before the Navajos regarded the saints as friends and benefactors.

A number of the pioneers set up trading posts and the Indians soon came in large groups to trade and barter their rugs, wool, and mutton. Sister Betsy Burnham, wife of George Burnham, a brother of the bishop, wrote to relatives that nightfall often found the house full of Indians—men, women, and children. They were always fed and beds spread down in the yard or, if it chanced to be winter, before the fireplace. Often the floor was so covered with sleeping Navajos that it was difficult to pass through the room.

The same condition obtained

Courtesy, Martin R. Young, Sr.

JOHN R. YOUNG RANCH, FRUITLAND, NEW MEXICO
The hills in the distance are south of the San Juan River. Photograph taken in 1895.

wherever the saints were to be found. Leslie Clawson, of Ramah, writes:

> It was no uncommon thing to see twenty or thirty Navajos at our house on friendly visits for a day or so at a time. My mother fed and helped them with beds, etc. Although times were hard in this new country, the Mormons always felt it was up to them to help the Indians if necessary.

There were few Mexicans on the San Juan at this time, since the Mexicans and Indians had long been traditional enemies. There was one fellow, however, Costiano, who had maintained his standing by bullying and bombast. One night, crazed with drink, he attempted and almost succeeded in breaking up a dance in Fruitland, but Claibourne Brimhall, a fearless young fellow, braved the brandishing gun and forcibly ejected the big Mexican from the building. Next day, Costiano, sober and embarrassed, made abject apologies for his misbehavior.

The settlers lost no time in setting out orchards and laying out farms. Harnessing the waters of the San Juan was a hard and expensive task, but the settlers were rich in the essentials of pioneering—health, energy and enthusiasm and, most important of all, faith. Soon they were harvesting hay, wheat, and corn, as well as vegetables. Though some articles were hard to get, there were no starvation periods as in some new communities. Before long fruit was so plentiful, apples especially, that they were seeking a market.

Ray Young, now laboring in the Navajo-Zuni Mission, remembers accompanying his father, John R. Young, on an apple-selling journey to Gallup and Luna Valley, New Mexico, and St. Johns, Arizona. They left Fruitland in November and returned late in January, traveling, of course, by team and wagon. Quite a contrast in transportation to the great truck loads of fruit which now roll out from this region daily during the autumn season, bound for distant markets.

Courtesy, Martin R. Young, Sr.

HOWARD D. ROBERTS' HOME, FRUITLAND, NEW MEXICO

ALTHOUGH wheat and corn began to be raised immediately, having the grain converted into breadstuff was more of a problem. Old settlers remember the wearisome chore, which usually fell to the lot of the younger boys, of grinding wheat and corn on the creaking old coffee mills of that period. Considering the large families and the hearty appetites of those hard working people, this was no small job. In 1895, however, William G. Black erected a gristmill which served the people of the valley for several years before it was washed away in a flood. Members of the Black family still operate a gristmill on the San Juan.

This community acquired its first post office under the name of Oleo. It was located in the old Thomas Stolworthy place, then owned by a man named Moss, who was the first postmaster. Later, Oleo was divided and the western section called Fruitland; then the bishop bought the land of Oleo, cut it up into lots available for purchase by the heads of families, and called the ward Kirtland. This was during the administration of Bishop Ashcroft, second bishop in this locality, who was later killed while making an irrigation ditch. Other early bishops who did much for the country religiously, financially, and even politically, were Elmer Taylor and Claibourne Brimhall, still staunch and influential men in the community.

Ira Hatch, famous missionary to the Indians, made his home here for many years. During the never-ending struggle to become established in this new country, the settlers somewhat neglected their little cemetery. Toward the end of Brother Hatch's life, this circumstance worried the old missionary. Although tombstones were at that time out of the question, he dreaded lying in an unmarked grave; so on his death, at his request, a large flat stone which had been used for a bridge across the

Courtesy, Martin R. Young, Sr.

HOME OF JOHN R. AND TAMAR YOUNG IN FRUITLAND, NEW MEXICO

Courtesy, Sadie Dustin

ABAGAIL STEVENS
FIRST PRESIDENT, KIRTLAND
WARD RELIEF SOCIETY, AND
TWO OF HER DAUGHTERS

irrigation ditch before his gate, was placed at the head of his grave, and it still stands, a unique marker for this unique pioneer.

As in all new communities, the woman's side of the venture was, perhaps, harder than that of the man. There is a challenge in subduing the wilderness that satisfies a man's urge for adventure, while Lot's wife is symbolic of a woman's tendency to look regretfully back. The known and well-beloved give her a sense of security, and household comforts mean much to her. But in New Mexico the woman followed her husband cheerfully and loyally, and it was her hand that converted the one or two-roomed house from the status of a camp into that of a home.

Among the first buildings to be erected, both at Ramah, to the south in Valencia County, and Fruitland, was the church, or rather community house, used for Church services, school, and all social affairs. At Fruitland this was a one-room building about twenty by thirty-six feet in size, soon enlarged into a T, and the original adobes plastered over and called "the white schoolhouse." It was used for many years.

Meetings and gatherings were appointed, poetically, for "early candlelight," rather than at some set hour, perhaps because of a scarcity of clocks and watches. But, in spite of all drawbacks, or because of them, the pioneers made merry on every possible occasion, putting the same wholehearted vim into their innocent amusements that they did into their work. Young and old took part in all social affairs, and the resulting good-fellowship is remembered nostalgically by all who still survive.

MUSIC at the dances was always good, for young Will Evans and Clint Burnham each had a gift for the fiddle, and there was always some sister who could accompany on the organ. These dances and parties filled the need for relaxation in winter, but summer was really the time for gaiety and, though the farmers worked from dawn till dark, there was always time and strength for fruit and melon "busts," picnics, and parades.

Immediately after the organization of the ward came the organization of the Relief Society. Although but a humble beginning of what this great organization has grown to be,

"Society meetings" were the highlight of the busy housewife's week, and stood in lieu of all the clubs, parties, and receptions which fill her granddaughter's leisure time. Each meeting helped to strengthen the ties that bound the sisters to a common cause.

The first president of the Kirtland Ward Relief Society, Sister Abagail Stevens, seems to have been a remarkable woman. She was also that most indispensable of women, the community nurse and midwife. Not one of the "old timers" but has a kind word for Sister Stevens! Not one whose face fails to light up at mention of this sister, who, next to faith in God, as one aged man remarked, was most important. There should be some fitting monument to these saintly women, who gave so freely of their time, strength, and courage; who, lacking in medical knowledge, were so closely in touch with divine power that their hands were guided and they performed miracles of healing. Though obstetrics was an important part, it was by no means the midwife's only duty. Epidemics, broken bones, pneumonia, every misadventure that could and did befall the pioneers, demanded the presence of the local nurse. Maternity work was evidently considered most important, however, since the nurse was paid for that—sometimes! The magnificent sum of three dollars for each delivery, usually paid in work at one dollar fifty cents per day, or in produce, or perhaps by a load of wood. Unlike the Mexicans who knock off a dollar if the child is a girl, the pioneers paid full price regardless of sex!

But, if the midwife's earthly remuneration was practically nil, she was recompensed lavishly in the immortal coin of love and trust. "Aunt" or "Grandma" to all who knew her, she went like a ministering angel, and was welcomed as such in every home. Hearts, as well as bodies, were made whole again by her gentle ministrations.

First secretary-treasurer of the Kirtland Relief Society was Betsy Burnham, wife of George Burnham. Sister Burnham filled this position with dignity, although her duties were far from onerous. At that time the "treasury" consisted of a few carpet rags, several spools of thread (very precious), and some bars of homemade soap. Meetings, after the organization on July 12, 1883, at first were held once a month. The treasurer's daughter, Sister Sadie Dustin, remembers helping to collect the "Sunday eggs" from the members, the only source of revenue the organization had at that time. Sisters Lucretia Black and Gerda Hendrickson were second and third presidents of the fast growing Society.

There were many other early and important settlers, some of whose descendants today are influential citizens in the communities along the San Juan River. Among these early settlers were Francis Hammond, the first stake president, and Mary his wife, the first Relief Society stake president. They and a host of other faithful and courageous saints possessed the vision and faith which were common characteristics of all Latter-day Saint pioneers who traveled into unknown regions at the request of the Church leaders that Zion might enlarge her stakes.

Young Samantha

Christie Lund Coles

THERE was singing and laughter about the campfire, and good-fellowship. Yet, as the time came for each husband and wife, each family to go to their wagon, there fell a solemn hush over the group of pioneers gathered about the smoldering campfire. They knew well what dangers the night might hold . . . hungry animals seeking prey, Indians on the soft-footed prowl, and other dangers not to be put in words, illness, death, the terrors that darkness too often carried in its silken folds. Before these, they were silent now.

Samantha knew what was to come, and she automatically bowed her head, as did the others. Then, over the peaceful stillness, their leader's prayer was clear and distinct, sincere and meaningful: "Lord, protect us through this night, that all will be well with us and ours. Give us strength and courage for the morrow that we may not faint nor be afraid. Let nothing stay us from reaching our destination. In the name of him who loved us more than life. Amen."

As he finished, Samantha slipped her hand into the rough, strong hand of her husband, felt his fingers close about hers, as he said, "Guess we'd best be gittin' in for the night. Tomorrow we break camp."

She hunched her shoulders once or twice, relaxing them. She was not over the weariness of the last miles. She thought of tomorrow's walking beside the oxen, poking them, urging them on. Most of the men pushed handcarts, most of the women walked as much as possible. At least, all of those who were able, walked, and she was young and strong. Sometimes, they rested in the wagons, taking care of the younger children. Riding over the rough, unbroken trails would have been tiresome had it not been such a heavenly relief just to sit down, to rest the feet and the aching back.

"Wish we could stay over another day here. It's been nice for the children to run and play." She started to rise as she spoke.

Still holding her hand, he answered, "Yes. But it is not safe to waste even one day. The clouds are gathering. If we get in a bad storm . . . well . . ." He paused, but she understood the implications in his words. They must reach a place of settlement before the icy blasts of winter overtook them; they must build shelter and find food.

As they were starting toward their wagon, someone in the crowd called, "Let's have one more round of singing 'Come, Come Ye Saints' to put us in fettle for tomorrow."

There were shouts of agreement, and the company, standing, their heads uplifted now, sang with sincerity and fervor the words, "Why should we mourn or think our lot is hard, 'tis not so, all is well . . ."

Samantha, as always when she heard the song, felt chills move and tingle on her spine. It made her back straighten and her eyes film with tears. She felt honored and proud to be among the select com-

pany of those who dared leave all things for the right to worship as they believed.

Yet, she knew, too, that for her it had been easy. She had Tim, who was handsome and good, and whose love made any experience an adventure. She had her lovely child, asleep now beneath the soft and beautiful down quilt which had been one of the few really nice things she had been able to bring with her.

It was not so easy for the old, for the sick, for those who had left their loved ones. Each night she said a special little prayer for these: Sister Wilkins, whose back was lame; Brother Brandt, who was so old, yet was determined to live to see his dream and his faith vindicated; and others. She had come to love them all, to feel a real kinship with them and their lives.

"What a night," Tim said, as he and his wife started again to their wagon, hand in hand. "What marvelous testimonies were borne. We're lucky, 'Mantha. The Lord has been good to us!"

"Oh, yes. Yes, he has," she agreed, feeling the words with her entire being. "And now for a good night's sleep so we can get an early start."

Tim went to see about the oxen and their horse while Samantha climbed into the wagon box. The moon was shining in, and she could see that the bedclothes on her child's bed were ruffled.

"You rascal," she whispered, more to herself than to the three-year-old child she pretended to be addressing, "always kicking off the covers."

She picked up the light-as-air down quilt and went to put it over her child, to tuck it about her soft, smooth little shoulders . . . but there were no shoulders there, no tousled, small head. She reached farther down into the bed. She looked on the floor, into her own bed, a foot or two away.

She couldn't scream. She couldn't make a sound. She couldn't even move. She was a dark shaft of sudden, petrified terror until she saw Tim's figure in the entrance. Then she ran to him with a cry that seemed not to come from herself, but from something wild, caught, and dying.

* * * * *

THE light of day was breaking in thin, pale ribbons across the little valley, the hills, and the mountains surrounding it. The animals were stomping and neighing restlessly. Some of them had awakened in the night, as though aware of the commotion going on, the flaring torches, the calling, the hurried movement of anxious feet.

Samantha sat slumped beside a wagon wheel, a quilt thrown about her shoulders, her eyes circled darkly, her face streaked with dirt and tears. But now, there were no more tears, only a vacuous staring into space. The men, who had rested toward morning, were starting their search again . . . over hills, under shrubbery and trees.

The sun was high in the sky. The kindly women had tried to urge Samantha to eat some breakfast, and, out of pity for their anxious, sorrowing faces, she tried to take a little of the food they gave her. But she couldn't swallow it. She could only close her eyes, try to shut out thought and remembrance. Some-

where back in her mind the words they had sung about the campfire sang themselves over and over . . . "And if we die before our journey's through, happy day, all is well."

But oh, Father in Heaven! To die oneself was one thing. To lose that which was more than life, that which was so small, so very dear, was another! And not to know . . . alive . . . or dead . . . harmed or safe . . . where . . .

Tim came to her, his clothes covered with dust, weeds caught in his boots, his hands scratched and red. His arms went about her and he whispered, "My dearest girl, we'll search all day, all week, until we find her. And we will find her." Then his voice breaking, "Dear God, we *must*."

Samantha raised heavy eyes to the sky, where clouds were gathering more quickly than before. There was a coolness in the air which was more than the ice that enveloped her. Suddenly, she threw the blanket from about her shoulders and stood up. Her voice was calm, as she told her husband, "Tell them not to search any more."

"But they have started again."

"Tell them to stop the search. There are a hundred and more whose lives are in danger if we stay. We can't ask them to take that risk."

Tim, and those who were near, looked at her incredulously.

"You mean," one woman asked, "that you would let her perish?"

"That's better than that we all perish," said another. "You are a brave woman."

Her husband merely looked at her, tears streaming down his face. As one sleepwalking, she reached out to touch his cheek, and asked, "Where is our faith if it isn't for this, too?" She turned resolutely toward the wagon and the impatient oxen.

She was ready to step onto the tongue when she heard a shout, first of one voice and then of many, coming nearer and nearer. She looked toward the hillside and saw some of the men running. As they drew nearer, she saw that one of them carried something on his shoulder, something . . . alive . . . calling, "Mummie, Mummie."

Samantha started to move, to run forward. Then everything began spinning about her. She sank into a deep, velvet darkness.

When she came to, she was lying in her bed, the soft down quilt over her, and her beautiful darling, her beloved baby, beside her. She wept then, wildly, sobbingly, wept until after awhile Tim said. "Samantha, you musn't. You musn't. I've never seen anybody weep like that before. You must stop or you'll be sick. Oh, 'Manthy, 'Manthy, my dear. And to think you were ready to leave her . . ."

OPINIONS

Lillian S. Smith

The esteem of my fellow men means much to me—
But the esteem of my Lord means infinitely more . . .

IN WAITING

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

Within an alabaster shell
    Are hidden feathers, songs, and wings;
Encased in russet covers dwell
    The gold and green of many springs;

Within a pendant chrysalis
    A butterfly reclines asleep;
From snowbanks warmed by April's kiss
    Our wealth of silver streams will leap,

The pioneer, still journey-worn,
    Saw in the creeks his chance to live;
The melting snows, to desert-born,
    The greatest gift the hills can give.

Nature's Sculpture Work

Willard Luce

NOT all the sculptors in the world use the thumb and the chisel. Mother nature never did; and yet, in color and line and size, her monuments make the efforts of other sculptors seem puny, indeed. And in Utah she has been most prolific. Sometimes her creations have been beautiful and lovely; and at other times grotesque and horrifying. Sometimes they have been useful and sometimes "measurably valueless, excepting . . . to hold the world together."

The monuments mother nature has raised and the canyons she has dug make up the State of Utah today, determined by the contours and land forms of the remote past.

The changes that have been made since the pioneers first came into Salt Lake Valley in 1847, have come about because of the land forms already erected and the treasures already buried.

It is no mistake, no mere accident, that today over four fifths of the State's population live in the valleys crowding the Wasatch Mountains from the west. It is no mere happening that almost half the State's population live in only four cities, Salt Lake City, Ogden, Provo, and Logan. And, certainly, it was more than just chance that located the bulk of Utah's industries within this small area.

Then, the natural question arises, what is the cause? And the natural answer comes—water.

But this can only partially answer the question. Through the eastern part of the State flows the Colorado River and its tributaries, the Green River and the San Juan River. The Colorado is one of the largest rivers in the United States, and it has been estimated that every twenty-four hours it carries 1,000,000 tons of sediment past any given point in the Grand Canyon. No mere trickle does this!

Although there are plans to utilize the waters of the Green and Colorado Rivers, at great cost, as yet these rivers have been of little value to the State. Perhaps it is as mother nature wished. For neither the Green nor the Colorado nor the San Juan head in Utah. The Green River begins in Wyoming, and the Colorado and San Juan Rivers have their sources in the Rocky Mountains of Colorado, and merely cross the State as any other transient crosses it. But, in so doing, these rivers have dug deeply into the soil and into the rocks, gouging out impassable canyons and deep, flaming gorges, leaving in their wake huge monoliths and natural bridges and scenes of strange and fantastic beauty, but, all the while, clinging to their water as a miser clings to his treasure.

So, the single word water cannot entirely answer our question. But, perhaps, the word *mountain* can.

All across Nevada and Western Utah are low ranges of mountains, running north and south. These are known as block-fault mountains,

Photograph by Philip W. Tompkins

THE GORGE OF THE COLORADO NEAR THE CROSSING OF THE FATHERS

and they reach their climax in the Wasatch Range, rising sharply across the center of Utah. Moisture-laden clouds cross Nevada and Western Utah, but when they try to rise above the higher Wasatch Mountains they become cool and can no longer hold their moisture, and there is rain.

Most of the water which falls on the Wasatch Mountains drains to the westward, down into Utah Valley and Salt Lake Valley and Cache Valley, making of these valleys Utah's greatest agricultural regions. Utah Valley, in fact, is rated first in many aspects of agriculture, not only in the State of Utah but in the entire Rocky Mountain region, as well. This rating is given by the United States Department of Agriculture.

Thus the mountains make the water available, which, in turn, helps to produce sufficient food to support a large population. Industries are attracted partly by the available water supply, and partly by the labor supply. So, mother nature wisely pushed up the high Wasatch Mountains. If it were not so, the moisture-laden clouds would have crossed the entire State to the Rocky Mountains of Colorado, and all of Utah would have been a vast desert, as incapable of supporting a large population as is Nevada.

MOTHER nature has pushed up other mountains in the State. Along another fault line, the Uintah Mountains were pushed up, one of the few east-west ranges of mountains in the United States.

And in the southeastern part of Utah are the Abajo (Blue), the La Sal, and the Henry Mountains,

Photograph by Walter P. Cottam

"GUARDIAN OF THE WASATCH"—MOUNT TIMPANOGOS IN SPRING

known as mushroom mountains. They were pushed up above the surrounding land by the pressure of hot molten rock underneath. The molten rock failed to escape, and so the mountains never became active volcanoes; they just swelled up like a wart on the earth's already scarred surface.

But they are important, extremely important, to the sheepmen, the cattlemen, and the farmers scattered about their feet. They furnish good summer range and some irrigation water, although their value as watersheds is greatly limited by their size. They furnish beauty and a relief from the harsh surrounding deserts. And they furnish some timber.

All the eastern and the southern parts of the State are drained by the Colorado River, and a great part of it is known as the Colorado Plateau. This plateau is a huge elevated plain, comprising almost half of Utah and a large part of Arizona, New Mexico, and Colorado. It stands from 4,000 to 11,000 feet above sea level and covers an area of 130,000 square miles. Actually, the Colorado Plateau is not just one plateau but a great many, all standing at different elevations.

This area was once at a much lower elevation than it is today, and it has been gradually pushed up, or elevated, to its present height. And as this took place, the river dug deeper and deeper until, today, it has dug a distance of 6,000 feet from the rim of Grand Canyon to the bottom. And it is still digging.

It is perhaps easier to understand just what a river can do when we consider the Mount Carmel highway in Zion Canyon National Park. The highway was tunneled along the face of the cliff for almost a mile. At frequent intervals windows were cut as lookouts. Actually, these windows were cut first, and all the debris from them and from the tunnel was dropped down into Pine Creek at the base of the ledge. Pine Creek is usually no more than a trickle, but it took it only two.

months to remove all the debris, carrying it on down towards the Virgin River and, finally, to the Colorado. This, of course, was the result of "flash floods," which come off bare rocks and dry desert land with express-like speed. These same washes and creeks, which are known for their "flash floods," are usually dry for most of the year, carrying water only after heavy rains and during the early spring runoff. Then, consider what a river like the Colorado can do with constant and persistent effort.

And, while considering this, think of Zion Canyon where the little North Fork of the Virgin River has cut a gash in the solid stone nearly 2,500 feet deep.

But cutting deep and rugged canyons isn't the only thing mother nature can do using running water for a tool. Fifty-one miles west of Blanding is the Natural Bridges National Monument. Here are three natural bridges carved from solid stone, having spans which vary from 186 feet to 261 feet, and openings from ninety-three feet to 222 feet in height. Near the Arizona border and close to the Colorado, is the Rainbow Natural Bridge, which has a span of 275 feet and arches 308 feet above the canyon floor. In the Wayne Wonderland, and all along the tributaries of the Colorado, mother nature has carved these and other gigantic bridges.

All of them have been made in

Photograph by Glen Perrins

MIRROR LAKE IN THE HIGH UINTAHS

Photograph by Willard Luce

LOCOMOTIVE ROCK AT BLUFF, UTAH

the same manner. Water, wearing for ages against a wall of stone, eventually wears the wall through. Loose debris from the top continues to fall, and the opening is slowly enlarged until the bridge is finally complete. So it has been with these bridges.

BUT, it was in the multicolored limestone of Bryce Canyon and Cedar Breaks that mother nature carved a masterpiece. Working in the modern and fantastic surrealism of Salvador Dali, she carved out huge amphitheaters, leaving in them grotesque and weird figures, spires and temples, bridges and arches, all splattered with brilliant hues of red, pink, cream, and many other colors. Here, again, water did the carving, water and eternal patience. True, the frosts and winds helped somewhat, but mainly it was the water, wearing savagely at the walls after each rainstorm, and with the melting of each snow. The soft material was washed away first, except where it was protected by a cap of harder stone. And where it was so protected, the surrounding material was washed away, leaving towers and pinnacles standing straight and tall like shepherds watching their flocks.

Although slower, wind has sometimes been an even better tool than water in carving and sculpturing the land. This is especially so in many arid desert regions where rains are few and far between.

Such a region is the Arches National Monument near Moab, Utah. Here, in an area of 33,680 acres, the wind has worn eighty-one arches in the solid red sandstone. At one time this area was a solid sheet of sand-

stone hundreds of feet thick. For some reason, the sandstone became cut by two series of master joints or cracks. These cracks passed through the entire thickness of the stone. They occurred about twenty feet apart, and crossed each other at right angles.

At this stage, water was more important than wind. It seeped into the cracks, dissolving the cementing material and gradually increasing the cracks until they became great fissures between two huge slabs of sandstone. These slabs are known as "fins." Today, these fins are often no thicker than twenty feet, and still they stand from 100 to 200 feet in the air, and the cracks between them are often too narrow for a man to squeeze through.

It is in these fins that the arches are formed. With an infinite patience, mother nature has worked with wind and with grains of sand, hurling the sand against the fin time and time again until, finally, the fin is worn through. And, after that, the wind and the sand continue their work, and the arch grows. Within this area, the arhes vary from a mere peephole to the Landscape Arch, which is the longest natural span in the world—290 feet.

Yes, mother nature has done well with her sculpturing, and over it all she has sown the Joshua and the mesquite, the sage and the greasewood, the Indian paintbrush and the bluebell, the cedar and the spruce, the limber pine and the alpine buttercup.

And, of course, the sego lily.

Photograph by Willard Luce

MESA TOWER IN MONUMENT VALLEY

A Place in the Country

The Arrival

Ruby Scranton Jones

[This is the first in a series of five short-short stories.—Ed.]

THE four-day trip from Chicago to Southern New Mexico had been, for the Martin family, as much a journey into the unknown as any pioneer journey fifty years before. The old Ford had rattled and wheezed and, at times, stopped altogether. The canvas-covered trailer, piled high with furniture, had bounced along behind, and swung perilously around corners. In the car, boxes and suitcases barely left room for John and Ellen, in the front seat, and the two children, Betty, eight, and Johnny, five, in the back.

As they neared the place on which they had put almost their entire savings as a down payment, sight unseen, Ellen's excitement grew. This was the place in the country that she had dreamed about and planned for all her married life. Here Betty would grow strong and well, and John would lose the nagging cough which had kept him at home so much the past winter.

Finally, as they passed some tall roadside bushes, John exclaimed, "There it is! See the name *Larson* on the mail box." He stopped the car, and they all leaned out to look.

"Let me see," Johnny cried, pushing his sister aside. "Where are the ducks? I want to see the pond and the ducks."

"Will there be a horse to ride?" Betty asked.

No one answered them.

Ellen gasped, "But this can't be the place!"

Part of the front fence was down; the low frame house, back among some trees, was unpainted and two windows were broken. The grass in front was yellow, and the weeds along the driveway were waist high.

"Why, the ad said *in good condition*. Oh, John! What if we've made a mistake?"

All the way across the country, Ellen had entertained the children with stories of the Wisconsin farm to which her mother had taken her when she was ten. The rest of her twenty-seven years she had lived in a Chicago tenement district of narrow streets and murky atmosphere. It was not surprising, then, that the farm had remained in her memory as being in perpetual springtime. The fields were always green, the trees in blossom, lambs played in the pasture, and tiny pigs squealed from their pen. Even John, who had always considered Chicago a good enough place to live, had become infected by her enthusiasm. He had teased, "You must have had a glimpse into heaven, once."

The place they were looking at bore not the slightest resemblance to anything Ellen's stories had led them to expect.

John opened the gate and drove slowly up the driveway. When he stopped by the back porch, he said,

laughingly, as he opened the car door for the children, "I bet your mother thought the fairies would have the house all spick and span for us. I bet she expected to pull radishes for supper."

Betty's blue eyes, so like her father's, laughed back at him and a smile flitted across Johnny's chubby, tired little face.

Then to Ellen he said, "You know, honey, a house not lived in goes down pretty fast. I can soon fix it up. I'm a better carpenter than I am farmer, you know."

When she continued to stare at the house, he said, "But first I better see if the well's as good as that agent assured me it was." As he got a bucket from the trailer, and started for the pump, he began to cough.

A cold fear gripped Ellen's heart. What if the work should be too hard for John? What if he should miss the city and never let her know that he longed to go back. Buying a farm had been her own idea, really. Maybe the rest of them wouldn't be happy here, at all. The creaking of the pump seemed the saddest sound she had ever heard.

SHE walked slowly to the back door, unlocked it, and looked in. A musty, unclean smell rushed at her. When her eyes became accustomed to the dimness, she saw a rusty range in one corner. The breeze from the open door lifted a heap of soot from the fallen stovepipe and drifted it across the floor. A startled mouse scampered over some scattered papers and disappeared through a hole in the baseboard.

When the children came up behind her, Ellen shut the door hurriedly and said, with forced cheerfulness, "We'll cook our supper in the yard. We'll sleep under the trees. We'll really camp out. Won't that be fun?"

As they followed her back to the car, she advised Betty, "You take Johnny to see the orchard. See if you can find some flowers."

Soon she had a small fire burning in the driveway. Then she got the food box from the car, spread a cloth on the ground nearby, and set out some bright pottery dishes.

John came with the water. "See," he said, "it's clear and cold."

Ellen took a drink. "Yes, it's fine." She dipped some into a kettle and put it over the fire to boil for the eggs. She opened a can of tomatoes and unwrapped cheese and bread. She found some paper napkins and a clean bib for Johnny. She should have bought milk in the last town, but she had been too anxious to get to the farm to remember. Oh, well, water would do this once, she supposed.

John took the canvas from the trailer, and spread it under a tree. He got mattresses and bedding and made the beds. Then he gathered dry branches and stacked them near the fire.

As they worked, a quiet settled down on the countryside. It was broken only by the occasional low mooing of a cow, or the sleepy chirping of a robin. Both John and Ellen stopped in surprise. This was something they had never experienced before. They had never been where there were no honking cars, blaring radios, and footsteps over their heads.

Ellen looked around. "The neighbors are just far enough away to make every call seem a real visit," she said. "I wonder if they have stiles. I've always wanted to walk across a field and over a stile to the neighbors. People in the country are so friendly—not always hurried and nervous, like city people."

John came to stand beside her. "You must have read a book," he teased.

The children came running back, shouting something about cherries and green apples. Betty had a bunch of dandelions and Johnny a last year's bird's nest. When Betty handed her mother the flowers, she stood in awe, pointing to the west, "What is it, a fire?"

They all turned. A brilliant red sun was just touching the distant mountain peaks. Shafts, like flames tipped with gold, rose from it and extended both ways along the horizon. Fleecy clouds, whose undersides were tinged with pink, floated above.

"I've seen such sunsets on picture postcards," Ellen whispered, "but I never believed them real."

John put his arm around her and the children drew close. Thus they stood, scarcely moving, till the sun was gone and swift twilight settled down, obliterating all that was old and unlovely.

"It's all right," Ellen said slowly, as she moved back to the fire and began to serve the supper. "It's beautiful. Everything's beautiful."

(To be continued)

PRISONER

Margery S. Stewart

She never watched the spring come in,
She never saw it go,
Nor listened to a robin sing
In cherry flowers and snow.

She owned a world of walls and roof
And shades to bar the light,
And dainty, needful things to do
Betwixt the dawn and night.

But once the moonlight drew her out
In shift and tumbled braid;
She saw the artistry of God
On field and valley laid.

His awesome splendor and his might
In cloud-torn sky and hill,
The endlessness of world on world,
Spring stirring, new and still.

She looked and shrank and fled within,
And, trembling, turned the key;
Her eyes sought all familiar things,
As small, as safe as she.

Pioneer Stories and Incidents

HANDCART PIONEERS—II

President Amy Brown Lyman

[This is the eighth in a series of true pioneer incidents to be published by *The Relief Society Magazine* in honor of the 1947 Utah Centennial celebration.—Ed.]

PATIENCE Loader Rozsa Archer, a long-time and greatly beloved resident of Pleasant Grove, was well known among her fellow townspeople as one of the heroic handcart pioneers. Converts to Mormonism, and faithful Latter-day Saints in England, the Loader family had long been planning to emigrate to Utah and, on December 10, 1865, they sailed from their native land with a large company of English and Scandinavian Saints. They had a stormy voyage of eleven weeks. Their supply of fresh water became short, which necessitated their cooking with salt water and, due to the lengthy voyage, their food supply became limited. There was a great deal of sickness on board, and sixty-two deaths occurred en route.

Landing in New York the last of February, the family remained there until early summer, when they left for Iowa City, on the frontier, to make final preparations for the trip to Utah. Here they were joined by Patience's sister Zilpah and her husband John Jaques, who had recently arrived from England. Young Jaques was a man of great faith, ability, and good works. He had been a successful local missionary in England, was a scholar and a writer, and he is author of "O Say, What Is Truth?" and other inspiring hymns. He later became assistant Church historian.

The Loader-Jaques families joined the Martin Handcart Company, which left Iowa City, July 28 and Florence, Nebraska, August 25, dangerously late in the season, and about two weeks later than the Willie Company. They had not gone very far before the carts began to give way. Even while crossing Iowa, the mechanics were kept busy evenings with repair work. The troubles increased as the travelers went on through Nebraska and came in contact with the rougher roads. Extensive repair work now became necessary, causing almost continuous delays, which brought about such an unexpected shortage of food that rationing became necessary. By the middle of September, as they approached the mountains, severe storms overtook them, and as the weather got colder and the provisions grew shorter, many perished, and probably all would have perished had it not been that rescuers from Salt Lake City reached them and helped them into the Valley.

When flour was cut to four ounces per person per day, most of the people made gruel out of their flour, but Patience and her mother made theirs into little biscuits so that when the members of the family be-

came exhausted they could eat one. The story is told of how one day when Sister Loader was walking along, she came to a man lying by the roadside. She spoke to him and asked him if he could not get up. He answered, "I could if only I had a mouthful of bread." She gave him a biscuit, which he ate, and then he got up and started on. Many months later, Sister Loader met this man on the streets of Salt Lake City and he told her she had saved his life.

AT Cutler's Park, just a few miles west of Florence, Nebraska, Almon Babbit, Secretary of Utah Territory, whose train loaded with government property was traveling ahead, called by and offered to take someone with him on his horse to catch the camp ahead. A Mrs. Williams accepted the invitation as she was walking and carrying her baby, and was anxious to reach her destination as soon as possible. Her husband was already in Salt Lake waiting for her.

"At the next stop," records Patience, "they (the Martin Company) found newly-made graves and a green sunbonnet which they knew belonged to Mrs. Williams. The company which Mrs. Williams and Mr. Babbit had caught up with had been overtaken by the Indians. Mrs. Williams was taken prisoner and never heard of again, and no one knew what became of her baby. Mr. Babbit was killed, and all the others, excepting one teamster who escaped and who told the sad story. Patience brought the bonnet to Utah and presented it to the husband, Mr. Williams.

At one point of the journey, five large, aggressive-looking Indians suddenly came out of a cave near the road and stopped the company, wanting everything they could see; but when they discovered so many were sick, they became frightened and left. On another day, Patience found a beef head lying near the road and brought it to camp where it was boiled up for soup.

There was always kindness and co-operation among these emigrants. The Loaders had two carts, and at one time for several days in succession they made room in one cart for a sick woman and two babies, and in the other they placed extras, besides their own bedding and provisions. When, tired and discouraged, they were about ready to give up, William Cluff came to their rescue. He tied a rope to his saddle and then to the cart, and helped them along for several hours over the roughest road.

The Loader-Jaques families, with all the rest of the company, suffered not only fatigue and exhaustion, hunger and cold, but also sickness and death. Two members of their family group passed away en route—the father, Brother Loader, and the little daughter of Brother and Sister Jaques. A son had been born to Mrs. Jaques near Florence at the beginning of the journey, and at Green River on the 23d of November, near the end of the journey, their little daughter passed on.

Brother Loader died on September 24th. He had helped to pull the carts as long as he could, but got weaker every day. Finally he had to give up, and was only able to pick up wood. On September the 23d, after walking seventeen miles, he

gave out, and lay down on a quilt. They tried to soothe him with hot flour gruel. The next morning the captain of the company offered to put him on a provision wagon, but his family said, "No, he is dying, and we want him on our own cart." At 1 P. M. they pitched their tent over the cart, and at 11:15 that night, he died. The next morning Samuel and Albert Jones (later of Provo) dug a grave and laid him away.

The company arrived in the Valley November 30th, just eleven months and twenty-two days after the Loaders had left Liverpool. When Patience, the city-bred maiden, looked over the Valley, she said, "If this is the city, what must the country be like? I will not live here." She soon, however, recovered her courage and faith, and began to plan how she could be of most help to her family in establishing a home.

Patience, always a zealous missionary, converted John Rozsa, a sergeant in Johnston's army, whom she married. She accompanied him to Washington, D. C., at the time of the Civil War, and when he was mustered out, they began the journey back to Utah. On the way the husband died and, with her little children, Patience completed the journey. Later, she married John B. Archer.

A GULL AT DAWN

Jo Adelaide Stock

A snatch of life, wanton and free
From avarice, antipathy,
Nor may the din of men outcry
A sea gull wheeling in the sky!

How good you come to earth to stay
But for a moment, then away!
Go, soaring, drenched with dawning dew,
Gray-white, riding against the blue!

WALK A LITTLE WAY WITH ME

Leona Bammes Gardner

Come, Friend, and walk a little way with me,
For well I know the heavy load you bear;
Here, take my willing hand. Talk if you wish—
Let me a little of your burden share.

Come, Friend, and walk a little way with me;
The birds still sing; God hears and answers prayer.
Come, let the healing sunshine fill your soul
And wipe away your sorrow and despair.

Tomorrow, I must lift my load again
And face the day with fortitude and grace.
Today, I laid my own small griefs aside
To talk with you and find God's smiling face.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent, April 1, and April 15, 1887*

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

FROM SMITHFIELD, CACHE COUNTY: Our beloved president of the Relief Society, Mrs. Moorhead, is always on the watch tower, ready to help the poor and needy, to comfort the sick and strengthen the weak, and render assistance wherever it is needed. . . . Truly this is a day of rejoicing—a temple is built to the Most High—an ensign to the people. . . . May the blessings of the Lord attend all our efforts to do good.

—Martha M. Williams

BE A TRUE WOMAN

Be a woman! On to duty!
Raise the world from all that's low,
Place high in the social heaven
Virtue's fair and radiant bow.

HOME AFFAIRS: We return thanks for the "Utah Musical Bouquet," edited by Daynes and Son. We watch with pleasurable interest all the improvements which tend to develop talent among the people. We are gratified to see so many home productions in songs and music.—Editorial

HINTS TO WRITERS AND SPEAKERS: Be simple, unaffected; be honest in your speaking and writing. Never use a long word when a short one will do. . . . The only way to shine even in this false world is to be modest and unassuming. . . . Elegance of language may not be in the power of all of us, but simplicity and straightforwardness are. Write much as you would speak; speak as you think.—William Cullen Bryant

WELCOME TO SPRING

O beauteous spring! fragrant of leaf and bloom;
Nature, with myriad welcomes, hails thy birth;
Thou breathest, and lo! a rich and sweet perfume
Rises like incense from the gladdened earth.

—Emile

FROM FAYETTE, SANPETE COUNTY: We feel that the storing up of grain is of the Lord, and we have on hand quite a quantity and will add to it as fast as we can. By courtesy of our President, John Bartholomew, our wheat is stored in his granary till we can get one built for our own use. There is a good rock meeting house in this place for which the Relief Society has made mats and carpets. We also purchased a stove and the window furniture, so you see, beloved sisters, that we can always find something to do. I contemplate introducing the silk culture.

Jane A. Brown, Pres't.

PREJUDICE: There is every day ample opportunity to observe the manifold evils arising from prejudice. How often do some of us allow ourselves to speak evil or slanderous things of those who have proved themselves friends in the truest sense. We are too willing to believe evil of our fellow beings. . . . How very careful we should be never to say a word to injure the character of any person. . . . Let us guard our own tongues, discipline our own thoughts, see that our hearts are free from impurity, and we will have no time to encourage evil.—Mary Stuart

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

THIS Centennial year a number of women writers are helping to establish Utah history and to give the flavor of Latter-day Saint character and ideals in their literary works. Mrs. Anna Prince Redd has two serials running, one in *The Improvement Era* and one in *The Relief Society Magazine*, portraying the dramatic settlement of San Juan County. Miss Jessie Sherwood, formerly of Boston and now living in Monticello, Utah, has been working on biographical sketches of San Juan pioneers, some of which are appearing in *The Improvement Era*. Mrs. Mabel Harmer has written a story entitled *Dennis and the Mormon Battalion*. Mrs. Helen Cortez Stafford of California, has given the story of Mrs. Ann Phelps Rich in her *Sweet Love Remembered*. The poems of Edna S. Dustin, many of which have appeared in the Church periodicals, have been collected and published in a volume called *Sagebrush and Wagon Wheels*. An illustrated book, recently off the press, is *A Garden of Thought Blossoms*. This is a collection of poems by Elsie E. Barrett, who is eighty years old and a member of Wilshire Ward Relief Society in Los Angeles, California. Poems of hers have also appeared in *The Relief Society Magazine*. *The Hills Are Mine* is a novel of Mormon life in Utah written by Helen Hinckley (Mrs. Ivan Jones).

SEVERAL outstanding women, who have helped to make our 100 years of Utah history, have died recently. They are:

Mrs. Elizabeth Stevenson Wilcox, eighty-nine, for twelve years a member of the General Board of Relief Society, who worked particularly on health education for homemakers. She was a charter member of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers, the principal of a school, and one of the group who helped to establish the first free kindergarten in Utah nearly fifty years ago.

Mrs. Minnie Barnes Blood, seventy-four, widow of former Utah Governor Henry H. Blood. Mrs. Blood was noted for her graciousness and the excellence of her homemaking.

Mrs. Elizabeth Jane Bolin, eighty-seven, a cousin of Woodrow Wilson, twenty-seventh president of the United States. She moved from New York to Utah in 1890, after she and her husband had joined the Church.

Mrs. Ann Higgs Clayton Jensen, ninety-three, a pioneer of Sanpete County whose first husband was William Clayton, author of the Latter-day Saint hymn "Come, Come Ye Saints."

Mrs. Winnifred Morris Tibbs, ninety-one, a Relief Society worker for more than fifty years, and author of *Autumn Leaves*, a collection of poems written and published after she was eighty years old.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 34 APRIL 1947 NO. 4

"All These Things Shall Be Held In Remembrance"

WE know what children do and say, but where shall we find the key to their hearts? We can go back along the vivid road of memory and recall our own childhood. If we carefully reconstruct this most pliable period of life, its joys, and its griefs, we shall know our children as they are, for we shall see ourselves as we were.

Early impressions are so deep and lasting that they stay with us forever. And beyond our visible recalling there is a background of attitudes and a web of habits which affect us vitally, but which we cannot trace. The various facets of disposition and personality are first woven on the loom of childhood.

These lasting impressions are pure emotion, unmarked, at first, by logic or morality. There is but a small background of experience for their interpretation. We may lose some of the wonder and the glory, the color and the sound of childhood, but out of the tapestry of days there are treasures that remain bright as jewels, and every time the beauty-seeking mind goes back to them, their lasting luster reflects a new radiance.

Go into the treasury of your own house of memories and see what you find. How did the events which you recall happen, and what is their significance? Think quietly of this, and let your childhood come back that you may see again the measure of life and look upon your own and other children with a new understanding.

The Bible tells us that Zacharias, rejoicing in the birth of his son, asked for a writing table and wrote, saying:

> . . . his name is John . . . . and all these sayings were noised abroad throughout all the hill country of Judea. And all they that heard them laid them up in their hearts, saying, What manner of child will this be?

What manner of child will this be? He will grow as you direct him, with his roots in his ancestry, and he will be swayed by his environment. His experiences will become memories, and they will affect his life when he is a man. To a large extent these memories will determine the course of his life.

The essence of childhood should be love and security. The early years are the Eden of life. Let childhood have its day. Let each little one remember his mother's face, his father's voice. Let him remember good music, beautiful pictures, quietness, kind words, and laughter.

V. P. C.

Breakfast Is an Important Meal

Hazel Stevens

Nutrition Consultant, Utah State Department of Health

THE food one eats over a period of time nourishes the body and supplies nutrients for growth, repair, and maintenance. Breakfast is an important meal because the body has been without food for ten to fourteen hours. Food of the right kind is needed for the morning's activities.

The following observations have shown the need for a better breakfast campaign:

1. Many working girls and housewives become tired, restless, hungry, and crave snacks during the mid-morning hours when they skip breakfast. These snacks include candy, "pops," and pastries, rather than essential foods. These women fail to realize how breakfast may contribute towards efficiency and enjoyment of the day's activities.

2. Too many individuals take a mere glass of fruit juice or milk, and sometimes a roll or doughnut, and consider this a good breakfast.

3. Many teachers have reported that some children come to school without breakfast. These children tend to become tired, restless, and inattentive before lunch time.

If you or any of your family members are "breakfast skippers," ask yourselves *why?* Then proceed to rectify this mistake. These may be among the reasons:

1. *In a hurry? Not enough time?* Most people would have time to prepare and eat breakfast if they would get up a little earlier. For children, it may mean retiring a little earlier at night. Breakfast requires such a little time to prepare. Sometimes it can be prepared the night before. Ten to twenty minutes should be allowed for breakfast.

2. *Not hungry?* This may be because the individual has improper food, fails to get exercise, or has too little activity. It may also be a habit. If the non-hungry feeling persists, the individual should have a complete examination by his physician and follow his suggestions. In some cases, poor appetite exists because the physical condition of the individual may be below par. If one is in good physical condition, the right kind of food, properly prepared, will cause normal hunger. The non-hungry feeling may sometimes be caused by emotional upsets. Sufficient time, a happy mood, attractive and tasty dishes will help the appetite.

3. *Afraid of getting fat?* A good breakfast has fewer calories than candy, soda pop, and pastries.

4. *Dislike of breakfast foods?* This may be due to a lack of variety in foods and too little variation in preparation. For example, one can grow to dislike eggs if he is served a fried egg every morning. Eggs may be prepared in many different ways to appease the eye and the appetite. Cereals may be cooked in milk, fruit

added, served hot or chilled, or sliced and fried as scrapple. Milk can be put into many breakfast dishes so that one does not always need to use it as a drink.

5. *Think breakfast is not as important as other meals?* Authorities in the field of nutrition say the well-being of individuals can be harmed by skipping breakfast, which is the most neglected meal. From many standpoints breakfast is the most important meal. Failure to get sufficient amounts of the right kind of food may result in fatigue, irritability, and lessened efficiency.

There is no arbitrary list of foods which must be breakfast foods. One can select from the day's needs, considering the two other meals. Eggs, milk, cereal, and fruit are good choices.

The amount or size of breakfast for each individual will vary with age, activity, and condition of the individual, but the kind of food and method of preparation need not be changed for every member of the family.

Select your breakfast from these daily food needs:

MILK: 1 pint for adults, 3/4 quart for children, and 1 quart for pregnant and nursing mothers.

EGGS: One.

MEAT, FISH, OR POULTRY: One serving. Occasionally, cheese or dried peas or beans may be substituted.

VEGETABLES: Three or more servings.

FRUITS: Two or more servings (one should be rich in vitamin C, for example, citrus fruits or tomatoes).

CEREAL AND BREAD: Cereal two to five times weekly, some bread at each meal.

FAT AND SUGAR: Approximately ½ pound of each per person per week.

Suggested Light Breakfasts

(For reducing diets and sedentary people)

Sliced orange
Milk toast

Broiled grapefruit
Slice toast
Milk beverage

Tomato juice
Poached egg
Slice of toast

A PATTERN FOR A PROPER BREAKFAST

Baked apple or apple sauce
Toast and beverage
(Prepared cereal and top milk, if desired)

Suggested Heavier Breakfasts
(For active people)

Creamed egg on toast
One half grapefruit
Cooked oatmeal in milk
Scrambled eggs and toast

Apple sauce
Creamed egg on toast
Milk to drink

Tomato juice
Creamed salmon or tuna on toast
Beverage

Stewed apricots
Sausage with hominy
Wholewheat toast
Milk or milk beverage

Sliced bananas in orange juice
Cracked wheat cereal (with top milk)
Toast
Milk to drink

THE AMARYLLIS

Evelyn Fjeldsted

We stand in breathless awe before
The amaryllis now in bloom;
In silence, it has long designed
To glorify our living room.

The bulb, so still, a secret held—
A secret of a coming dawn.
A proof of life renewed where once
Another bloom had come and gone.

"They toil not, neither do they spin";
And yet a king was not arrayed
Like one of these, whose royalty
Presents a roseate parade.

Each lily seems to hold a scroll
That tells, in sweet humility,
The story written in a bulb,
A treatise on eternity.

Where Trails Run Out

Anna Prince Redd

CHAPTER 3

[The incidents of this story are true, and the characters authentic. The information has been carefully gleaned from diaries, journals, and personal interviews.—Ed.]

Synopsis: A company of twenty-four young men and two families—James L. Davis, his wife Mary, and their four children; Henry H. Harriman, his wife Elizabeth, and their five children—are called to explore a route from Cedar City, in Southern Utah, to San Juan County, Utah.

The two families are to remain in San Juan and, at a point where the Montezuma Creek comes into the San Juan River, are to establish an outpost and prepare for the coming of the main company of settlers, members of the San Juan Mission. The twenty-four scouts are to return to their homes and report their findings.

The purpose of the mission is to cultivate and maintain peaceful and friendly relations with the Indians, who are almost the sole occupants of the large isolated country. While driving her team at night, across a sultry, menacing desert, Elizabeth has a frightening experience with a strange, mysteriously inexplicable Indian.

Elizabeth is told to say nothing of her experience. She complies, but has the feeling that she will see the Indian again and that he will know if she needs help. The company goes on toward the Colorado River. At Lee's Hogback there is an accident to one of the wagons, which careens from the ridge, and its two drivers and their goods go rolling down the steep ledge.

"HOLD the line! Keep moving!" Silas Smith shouted. "George, keep 'em on the move or we'll all go over!"

"No one is hurt!" George cried. "The men are already cutting the teams free of their harnesses. Don't look down! Keep moving, straight to the top!"

"Every man to the front who is not driving a team," Silas ordered. "Hold the wagons on the trail by hand! We can't lose another outfit!"

Alternately urging and commanding, the two leaders succeeded in holding the line till the last wagon reached the top of the spiked divide. There, five men were detailed to help get the broken wagon and the crippled teams back up the sliding ledge. The other men had held the wagons to the road by sheer force of numbers and determination. And then it was over. The ridge flattened out, its sides plumed up and slid away into the desert. The mammoth hog had reclined, needing no shade and no water for its rest.

Once over the hogback, Elizabeth and Mary climbed wearily from their wagons and lifted their younger children down beside them.

"Lee's Hogback!" Mary exclaimed, and stood staring back at it.

"Let it lie!" Elizabeth said curtly. "We have work to do! The children are clamoring for food, and the whole camp needs rest and water."

"Water!" Mary exclaimed, "I'd give a bucket of gold for a drop of it!"

"George says we can only stop an hour, Mary. The sun is getting low and we have miles to go before we

'night camp' at Bitter Springs." Elizabeth was systematically arranging utensils and food for a quick meal for the men, and as she talked she worked rapidly.

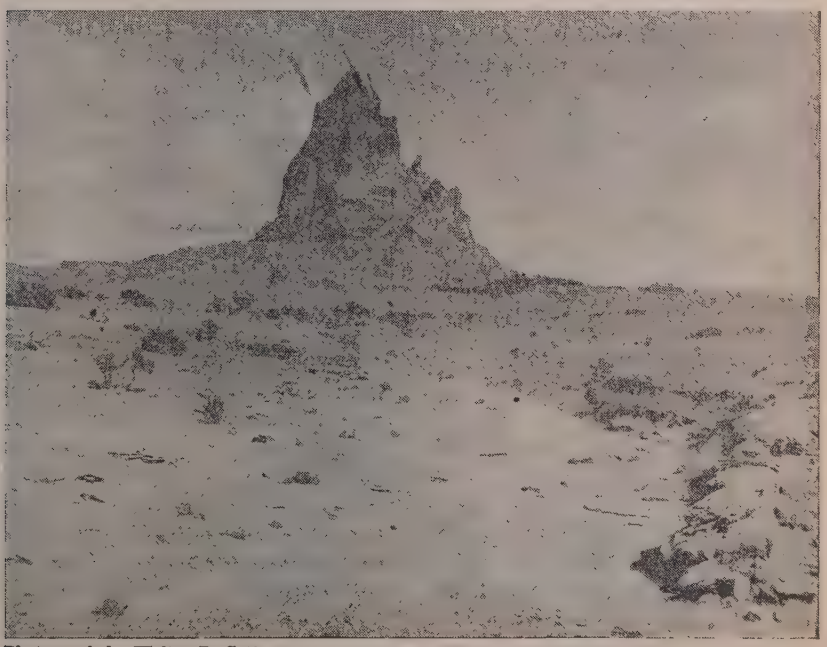
Mary spoke uneasily, "Oh, Elizabeth, what if there shouldn't be any water when we get to Bitter Springs."

Elizabeth paused in her work to look at Mary. "Why, we'd just die, I guess," she said. "But the Lord has seen us over that place," she flung a defiant glance back at the hogback, "and my opinion is that he'll keep on lookin' after us. This is a mission. You remember in the Book of Mormon when Nephi and his brothers Laman, Lemuel, and Sam were sent back to Jerusalem to get the records from King Laban, Nephi said: 'I will go and do the things which the Lord hath commanded, for I know that the Lord giveth no commandments unto the children of men, save he shall prepare a way for them that they may accomplish the thing which he commandeth them.' "

"That is good scripture," Mary agreed, and added emphatically, "the main company had better read that passage. They're going to need that kind of faith if they accomplish the thing they have been commanded to do."

"Do you wish we could have stayed to come with the main company?" Elizabeth asked, not looking at her friend and almost ashamed of the implied weakness.

"Of course, I do," Mary an-



Photograph by Walter P. Cottam

MONOLITH IN THE DESERT

Courtesy, Jen Dike Studio, Phoenix, Arizona

NAVAJO SHEPHERDESS

swered. "I don't think the Lord will blame us, either. Someone has to go so it may as well be us. The men seem to tackle a job better if there are women along to fight for."

Elizabeth said affectionately, "I wouldn't worry so if you weren't going to have a baby, Mary. You never have been strong."

"That worried me at first, too, Elizabeth. But I'm getting stronger every day."

And so they talked, snatching moments between their cooking, looking after each other's children, laughing at remembered things back home . . . .

IT was midnight before they reached Bitter Springs. The brackish water did little to relieve their thirst, but they drank it and went to bed, exhausted, on the hot sand.

Dawn comes early to the desert. The sun comes up, not leisurely as if it had rested well, but blazing wrathfully, discomfited by its bed of prickly-pears and sand. Tall cactus trees, brittle-looking as the rays of the sun, stretch their limbs and stand in resignation.

With their thirst but bitterly satisfied, the heat soon became intolerable to the weary train which had started traveling before daybreak. The children cried and tossed fitfully from side to side in their rocking wagons. Long before noon the cattle were bawling their discontent, lowing dismally to their scattered calves. The horses were white with caked lather, and sweat and sand rimmed the bloodshot eyes of the men. But in spite of it all, they made thirty miles that day—only to find a dry camp that night.

The next morning there was the same sun, the same blistering wind, the same hot sand in their eyes. And they had to go another thirty miles, without water, for the next spring had been dry.

The cattle, tongues lolling and eyes bulging, refused to take another step and gave up beside the road,

only struggling up and on again at the merciless prodding of the drovers, and then some of them falling dead a little farther along the way.

Up and down the sluggish line rode George Hobbs and Silas Smith.

"George, we've gone sixty miles without water," Silas cried. "A fourth of our stock is dead, and the men and women are but little better. What are we going to do?"

"There's nothing to do but hold on and keep moving!" George yelled at the line: "Only ten miles more, and we'll roll in water! Keep moving! Keep moving!"

Stoical in the face of it, Elizabeth and Mary drove behind their men. Ten miles . . . nine . . . eight . . . and, at last, only one more mile. Water! Water! They prayed. The spring could not, must not be dry!

The first men to reach Willow Spring sent up a shout and, almost

Photograph by Willard Luce

THE GOBLET OF VENUS

Seventeen miles west of Blanding, one hundred yards from the highway, this great monolith is one of the most impressive monuments in the sculptured lands of Southeastern Utah.

before their own thirst was satisfied, they began to fill their barrels, buckets, pans, and cups to take back to the parched train in the rear. Some of the boys, laughing wryly, even filled their hats with the precious water and went staggering back to help their friends.

An hour later, half dead, the company pulled up at the spring. Night, drenched with unexpected dew, cooled their veins and healed their eyes with sleep. . . .

At the Indian village of Moenkopi President Smith was warned that his company would never be permitted to cross the Navajo Indian Reservation into San Juan. Hobbs, too, had been advised to turn back. They had met at a blacksmith's shop to pool their views.

"They say it can't be done, Silas," George drawled, whittling away at a stick.

"Never mind what *they* say! What do you say?" Silas questioned hotly.

"I say it can," Hobbs replied, settling himself cross-legged in the shade of a squawbush near the shop. "But, Silas, we've got ten teams to shoe yet. The confounded Indians are slow as sorghum in winter. We've paid 'em in corn and shirts, now they want shoes and pants. They'll keep us here all summer!"

"Well, give 'em shoes and pants then, George."

"Whose, besides mine?"

Silas' eyes twinkled. "I used to wear buckskins," he said. "And where we're goin' there's not enough rain to worry about them shrinking." Then, serious again, he ground a rock to bits beneath his heel. "Give 'em any bloomin' thing they want, only let's get out of here!"

"I talked with John W. Young," George reported. "He's been here a good many months trying to build a woolen mill. So far he's met nothing but opposition all the way. He says the Indians here are used to the whites, but, once we cross into San Juan, we'll be in their territory and they'll fight us every step of the way."

"We knew that when we started out, George. And I can't say that I blame the Indians. They haven't forgotten the drubbing they got from Kit Carson and the Government. And, furthermore, it is still fresh in their minds that the whites have just killed four of their young men."

"The white men who were responsible for that were not Latter-day Saints, Silas."

"That will make little difference to the Indians," Silas answered. "With them, it's still an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth."

"Well," George drawled, "Brigham Young was famous for goin' where folks said he couldn't. I reckon he'd not like to hear a son of his say that a call of the Church can't be fulfilled."

"Mr. Young spoke sincerely, George. He firmly believes that we'll not get twenty miles inland from the river."

"Have you talked with Brother Wilford Woodruff, Silas?"

"Yes. He came to my camp last night and brought some missionaries with him. They are to preach to the Indians and help us out."

"Good! We'll take them right up to old Chief Peogament and introduce them to him," George said.

Silas smiled. "We can use the missionaries, all right. But what we need right now, George, is grain and wagon parts."

George reminded him that there were no wagon parts, and precious little grain in Moenkopi. "But there is wool," he added. "Could we use any of that?"

"Wool makes good pads for horses' sore shoulders, George. Take that and anything else you can get around here."

Silas sat down beside George in the scant shade of a squawbush. "I'm worried, George," he admitted. "There are plenty of white trappers and traders who would stir up trouble around here, even if the Indians were inclined to be peaceable."

George poked a deep hole in the sand with his forefinger. He picked a centipede off his sleeve and dropped it into the hole. "Yep. They're as poison as that critter I just buried," he declared, tamping the sand into the hole with angry jabs.

They were silent for a minute and then George continued, "I've been thinking about Mrs. Davis, Silas."

"We'd better leave the Davises here, George," Silas replied.

"And leave Mrs. Harriman to take care of Mrs. Davis?"

"No. We have to have one woman along to help keep the hotheads in check. They are itchin' to start shootin' as it is."

"I guess you're right, Silas, but it will be hard on the woman. I'll see that the Davises are taken care of here. And we'd better leave the stock here, too. We'll have enough to do to look after our own hides."

"That's the size of it," Silas agreed. "The sooner we hit the trail the better, too. The hardships of travel, road building, and well digging will help to keep dissatisfaction down."

The two men rose and shook hands, then each went his own particular way, George to get the outfits in shape for the rough roads ahead, and Silas to procure funds and food for his men.

* * * * *

To a woman there is no greater loneliness than being alone with a crowd of men, even when a husband and brothers are along. Women afford each other kinship that the company of men does not supply. Elizabeth helped Mary get settled in the large tent that the men had put up, and everything she did showed her solicitude. She made beds, cooked, and sewed, and left a blessing with each one of the homely tasks. Tears often welled in Mary's eyes as she lay on her bed and watched Elizabeth's deft hands.

"I'll miss you, Mary," Elizabeth confessed. The last task was finished. There was nothing more to do but talk as casually as they could and pretend to have the courage expected of them.

Mary could not say goodbye to Elizabeth. "It's not *goodbye*, it's *adios*," she said bravely. "I'll be joining you soon. James says it will only be a few weeks."

Elizabeth agreed, smiling for Mary's benefit. But she had a disquieting sense that things would never be the same with them again. Once they reached their destination, each one would settle on her own land and their houses might be miles apart. She would see Mary again, that was practically sure, but it would be different. They would never be as close to each other in the new settlement as they had been

while traveling to get there. But whatever came, she promised herself, she would always love Mary and pray that their two lives might go on together.

* * * * *

FOR two uneventful days the company drove over drab desert sand, making ten miles each day. Nothing unusual happened; then, suddenly, fear was all around them. It was nothing they could see or hear or touch, yet it was there. It followed the train in shadow by day and stalked it by night. This was a country of such vast silences that the small noises of the wheels as they churned the sand, were distracting. The creak of leather and chain was cymballed against the towering cliffs, as the wagons were catapulted from table land to canyon bottom, adding to the fear and the mystery of the unknown.

"We are surrounded, Silas," George Hobbs said grimly, riding beside Silas, his eyes straight ahead. "They have been gathering for days. Ever since the first three miles out."

"Indians?" Silas asked, showing no surprise. "I guess that's what I've been smelling. Our own campfire smells could hardly carry that strong."

They rode in silence again, keeping close watch on all sides.

Presently Silas spoke. "Where do you suppose those four scouts we sent out are keeping themselves? I should have had a report of this gathering. If there is an ambush—"

"There won't be," George interrupted. "Chief Peogament hasn't joined his tribes yet. He knows what the water layout is, and he figures the rain gods will take care of us and save him the trouble. His hordes are following us to pick our bones."

An hour later the train climbed out of the canyon and came to a sudden halt. Not more than fifty feet from the mouth of the canyon a forest of greasewood blocked their way. Miles wide, dense as fog, gnarled, and as twisted and tangled as the tentacles of an octopus, it confronted the astonished company.

"I calculate that Peogament's got more on his side than his rain gods," Silas decided, stopping dead in his tracks. "I reckon we're here for some time. We had better start digging a well."

George's eyes were glued to the thicket. He sat his horse erect and watchful. "It doesn't look promising," he agreed curtly.

"There is double meaning in your words, George. What do you see?"

"A thicket," George answered. "What do you see?"

"A thicket," Silas replied, nettled out of his usual good-natured drawl. "A very deep thicket!"

The company pulled up beside its leaders, staring incredulously at the forest.

"Whatever that forest holds is its own secret now," Silas said, looking at George for enlightenment. But he got no response. "Make camp!" he shouted. "And pull in close together. Guards out!"

Elizabeth covered her face with her hands.

"I'm glad you are not here, Mary," she whispered to the great stretches of broken country that lay between her present dark camp and the warmth and security of Mary's tent. "I'm glad you are not here, waiting for what the night, or the dawn, or tomorrow's dawn may bring!"

(To be continued)

Mormonism in the Eyes of the Press

Elder James R. Clark

Brigham Young University
Copyright 1947

III—THE PRESS VIEWS MORMONISM AS A ZIONIST MOVEMENT

(Third installment of a series of articles dealing with early Latter-day Saint history)

A survey of some three thousand newspaper articles written about the Latter-day Saints between 1824 and 1850, shows that editors and writers were interested in Mormonism for reasons that widely differed. Some editors were concerned only with the political aspects of Mormonism; others were concerned with the social and economic implications of the movement; still others seemed to delight only in vituperation and religious controversy.

There is one recurring theme, however, that appears in newspaper articles rather persistently from 1831 to 1848. That theme might be expressed as "Mormons take over." Newspaper editors seemed to have a firm conviction that the Latter-day Saints were attempting to "take over" America as their Zion, and the repeated publication of this conviction *preceded* the main body of Latter-day Saints on their westward journey from New York to Ohio, Ohio to Missouri, Missouri to Illinois, and even to California. *Preceding* them, it tempered the thinking of the newspaper readers in the communities where the Latter-day Saints intended to settle.

The teachings of the early Church leaders that America was in very deed a "land of Zion" and that the saints were the "chosen people of God," whose right it was to inherit such a land, have been recorded as facts by both Mormon and non-Mormon historians.

The part played by the American press in interpreting this concept to the American people, and the repercussions of this interpretation on the Mormon movement have been largely overlooked by historians.

The doctrine of the "land of Zion —an inheritance" was given as a direct revelation from God to Joseph Smith, January 2, 1831, at a conference of the Church held in Fayette, New York. It read in part:

> And I have made the earth rich, and behold it is my footstool, wherefore, again I will stand upon it.
>
> And I hold forth and deign to give unto you greater riches, even a land of promise, a land flowing with milk and honey, upon which there shall be no curse when the Lord cometh:
>
> And I will give it unto you for the land of your inheritance, if you seek it with all your hearts:
>
> And this shall be my covenant with you, ye shall have it for the land of your inheritance, and for the inheritance of

your children forever, while the earth shall stand, and ye shall possess it again in eternity, no more to pass away (Doc. and Cov. 38:17-20).

The Prophet Joseph Smith and his family had been "in the news" since 1824, and were well known by 1831. I think it safe to assume that immediately following the giving of this revelation, containing a pronouncement of the destiny of Mormonism, Latter-day Saints began to interpret this concept to their neighbors and friends.

Newspaper editors, picking up news of the growing Mormon movement, began their own interpretations of this new doctrine of Zion.

Six months after the revelation had been given in New York, the *St. Louis Times*, St. Louis, Missouri, in its issue of July 9, 1831, carried an article from the *Western Courier*, Ravenna, Ohio, for May 26, 1831, which said:

> We understand that a new arrival of Mormonites has taken place—some two hundred men, women and children having lately landed in Geauga county, *their holy land*, from New York. It is said that they are an active, intelligent and enterprising sect of people. They have commenced a new settlement in the township of Thompson, near the line of Ashtabula county, thus extending their holy land farther east than the limits originally fixed. . . . The number of believers in the faith, in three or four of the northern townships, is said to exceed one hundred—among whom are many intelligent and respectable individuals.

Two months later, on September 17th, the *Missouri Intelligencer and Boone's Lick Advertiser*, which was published in Columbia, Boone County, Missouri, republished a news item from the *Painesville Gazette*, Painesville, Ohio, as follows:

> THE MORMONITES — We learn from the *Painesville Gazette*, that this infatuated people are again in motion. In their own cant phrase, "they are going to inherit the promise of God to Abraham and his seed." Their destination is some indefinite spot on the Missouri River, they say, about 1,500 miles distant.

One group of Latter-day Saints did move to their "promised land" in Missouri. With them, at the express wish of the Prophet Joseph Smith, went a printing press and William Wines Phelps, a recent convert to the Church, a printer and publisher of wide experience.

There might have been a dual meaning in the publication of the following extract from a history of Connecticut which Mormonism's first editor printed in the first issue of the first periodical—*The Evening and Morning Star*, published in the new "Zion" at Independence, Missouri:

> The following is found in an ancient history of Connecticut. Soon after the settlement of New Haven, several persons went over to what is now the town of Milford, where, finding the soil very good, they were desirous to effect a settlement; but finding the premises were in peaceable possession of the Indians, and some conscientious scruples arose as to the propriety of deposing and expelling them. To test the case a church meeting was called, and the matter determined by the solemn assembly of the sacred body. After several speeches had been made in relation to the subject, they proceeded to pass votes—the first was the following:—Voted, that the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof. This passed in the affirmative; and, Voted, the earth is given to the Saints.—this was also determined like the former—3d. Voted, that we are the Saints, which passed without a dissenting voice, the title was considered indisputable, and the Indians were soon compelled to evacuate the place and relinquish the possession to the rightful owners.

It is perhaps not hard to see how this little extract from an old history book, when published in a new Church paper in a new country, into which the Latter-day Saints were just moving, might have been misinterpreted by other editors, and by readers who were not cognizant of the fact that the saints had received specific instructions to acquire all their land by regular processes in obedience to the laws of the land.

The news of the Mormon "Zion" in Missouri spread rapidly. Three months after the establishment of *The Evening and Morning Star*, the September 1, 1832 issue of *Niles Weekly Register*, a paper with nation-wide circulation, published at Baltimore, Maryland, carried this news item:

> MORMONS—Two preachers of this sect have lately visited Boston, and soon made 15 converts to their strange doctrines—some of whom are respectable persons—5 also joined at Lynn. Certain of these converts have cast considerable sums of money into the stock, and all were about to depart for the "promised land" in Jackson County, Missouri—the precious spot having been lately discovered.

Although it was not the only cause of the failure of the Latter-day Saints to establish a permanent Zion, first in Ohio and then in Missouri, this opposition of the non-Mormon press was perhaps a contributing factor to their failure, because it determined to a large extent the type of co-operation, the saints, as new settlers, received from the older, established settlers.

That the blame, if such there be, does not lie wholly at the door of the non-Mormons is implied in a statement written by the Prophet Joseph Smith for another Mormon paper, *The Latter-day Saints Messenger and Advocate*, September 1835:

> But to return to my subject . . . and thus the sound of the gathering, and of the doctrine, went abroad into the world; and many, we have reason to fear, having zeal not according to knowledge, not understanding the pure principles of the doctrine of the church, have no doubt, in the heat of enthusiasm, taught and said many things which are derogatory to the genuine character and principles of the church, and for these things we are heartily sorry, and would apologize if an apology would do any good.

If it can be said that the saints failed to establish their Zion in Ohio and Missouri, their failure seemingly did not dim their spirit. One might, with justification, apply to them the earlier words of the Prophet Joseph Smith, spoken of himself:

> For I had seen a vision; I knew it, and I knew that God knew it, and I could not deny it, neither dared I do it; at least I knew that by so doing I would offend God, and come under condemnation (*Joseph Smith* 2:25).

They believed in the reality of the "land of Zion," and they were not to be daunted by their own weaknesses and failures in Ohio and Missouri, nor by outside opposition and persecution.

They built their own city in Illinois, and at Nauvoo, they were virtually autonomous. In this city of Zion, they took great pride, so it is understandable how, at the opening of the Prophet Joseph Smith's Nauvoo House, they felt impressed to pass a series of resolutions extolling the greatness of their leader and of their city of Zion.

But these resolutions, published in the *Times and Seasons*, were

picked up by the nation's press as a further indication of what they felt was Mormon arrogance and a "chosen people" complex.

The news of the Prophet's death, in 1844, was widely publicized, as outlined in the second installment of this series. The first opinion of the press, generally, was that with the Prophet's death, Mormonism and the attempts to establish Zion were at an end. The *Alton Telegraph*, Alton, Illinois, said in October, 1844:

DISSOLUTION OF THE MORMON CHURCH

. . . The elements of discord and disunion are successfully at work in the community at Nauvoo, and no doubt rests upon our mind, but that the total dissolution of the Church will be the inevitable result . . . . With the fall of the "prophet," fell also the throne of despotism he had erected in this Republic, and the charm that enabled him to delude the populace has with his death, departed, we trust, forever.

Mormonism departed from Illinois, but not from existence, as the editors had hoped it would. With the decision of the Latter-day Saints to remove West, came a revival of the Zionist fear so far as the press of the United States was concerned. This renewed interest on the part of the press may have been stimulated, in part, by an article which John Taylor published in the *Times and Seasons*, November 15, 1845.

An imperial edict has been issued in China, giving Christian missionaries liberty to preach, and the Chinese freedom to embrace Christianity . . . .

This will open the door for the Elders of the Latter-day Saints and as our future location will embrace California, Oregon, or Vancouver's Island, we may bring the Chinese with their wealth, directly into the Kingdom of God, to "build up the waste places of Zion," without molestation. The Lord is certainly preparing the way for all nations to go up to his holy mountain, and worship Him in the beauty of holiness. Mormonism is here a little and there a little, until the whole lump be leavened.

Some of the saints did go to California with the Mormon Battalion, and with Samuel Brannan. This revived the Zionist concept in the press once more and the *Galena Gazette*, Galena, Illinois, published a letter dated October 1, 1847, from a correspondent in California, in which fear was once more expressed that the Mormons were attempting to "take over" the country.

The country is flooded with Mormons. Their regiment under Col. Cook, has been disbanded . . . besides this, Mormon emigrants are arriving daily, by sea and land, from Europe and America—all bringing arms and ammunition to fight, as they say, "the battles of the Lord," and relieve their afflicted brethren from the persecutions and bondage of the Moabite, and to build up an inheritance to the Lord in the wilderness.

These articles are only a selected few out of thousands which I have copied from newspapers covering the entire nation. I have sought to make the selection representative.

In them there is evidence of the persistent efforts of the saints to carry out the will of the Lord and establish Zion. There is also evidence that the press of the nation seemed to be convinced that the "Mormon Zionist" movement promised no good for the residents of those areas in which the Latter-day Saints wished to settle. This attitude of the press undoubtedly increased the difficulties of Mormon settlement.

The important point to remember in any evaluation of Mormon history is that these accounts were published as the views, or intentions, of the Mormons.

After careful study, I have no reason to doubt that the average citizen of New York, Ohio, Illinois, Missouri or California believed that these newspaper accounts expressed the teachings of the Church leaders; the intentions of the Mormons to "take over" America and establish Zion; and to use force, if necessary, to accomplish their goal. The task of our pioneer forefathers was undoubtedly rendered more difficult by the opposition thus engendered.

THE CHALLENGE OF A DAFFODIL

Wanda W. Lund

The icy, sleet-filled winds of March
That drove the snow with shuddering blast
Are quieted now. White mounds piled high,
Like templed spires against the sky,
Melt silently, and spring has come at last.

Consider death—is it the end?
Its icy hand will touch all men;
And when our time on earth is through,
Are we destined to live again?

As surely as the springtime comes,
And balmy days replace the chill,
The spirit's triumph over death
Exemplifies, through love and faith,
The constant challenge of a daffodil.

WEBER RIVER

Beatrice K. Ekman

The alder branches bend and quiver,
And firmly anchored willows lean
To trail slim fingers in between
The rocks, where the eddying currents go
In effortless motion of silver flow,
Combing the banks of the mountain river;
Ageless song of undertones . . .
Ripple of water over stones . . .

Select Safe Clothes

C. Aileen Ericksen

Director of Home Economics Education, Utah State Department of Public Instruction

TODAY, as never before, woman's dress may contribute to her bodily comfort, facilitating the activities of work and play. Throughout history, so strong has been the urge "to do as others do" that women have accepted customs and styles of dress which were uncomfortable, which presented health and safety hazards, which limited activity, and which often were really ugly.

Environment and activities direct one's choice of clothing. Most of us have had the experience of owning garments unsuited for our activities and environment. Velvet lounging pajamas owned by a girl who must help with the work of her home and has neither time for lounging nor a setting suitable for luxurious fabrics; swimming suits owned by the person who never swims; and riding jodhpurs prized by the girl who neither rides nor hikes—all are examples of purchases of garments that violate a rule of fitness.

Aside from influencing the choice of article, the environment and activities also affect the colors, the fabrics, and the design deemed suitable. Perhaps the relation of environment and activity to clothing needs can be most wisely determined if the following steps are taken:

1. List all the activities in which you engage, making marks to designate relative frequency of each.
2. List the garments you will need to be properly dressed for these occasions.
3. On this factual basis, decide what influence each of the separate activities in which you engage should exert on your total clothing choices.
4. Plan so that the selection of clothing may also be influenced by safety features.

The kind of clothing a woman wears, the way she keeps it in repair, and the style in which she wears her hair can affect her living to the extent that an accident may mean permanent injury or disfigurement. The style, fit, and material are important for safety. Let us consider several important items in this connection.

1. Projecting or flowing sleeves are not suitable for kitchen wear. They catch on chairs and door knobs, and also interfere in eating. They are especially dangerous when near a fire or when worn during the laundrying procedure.

Short fitted sleeves are safe for household work. Those that are above the elbow are safest.

2. Large pockets, sashes, and bows, are especially bad when worn near cupboards and around stoves, for they catch on projecting objects and tend to tangle in flames. Pockets should be flat and should not extend away from the garment. Set in belts are safe because they are absolutely flat. Narrow flat bows are best; wide fluffy ones may catch on objects.

3. Long, large, and loose garments are tripping hazards. They are especially dangerous when the wearer is climbing or descending stairways.

4. Tight garments restrict movement. If clothes are tight they have a tendency to twist and get in the way when one stoops or climbs, and thus they contribute to fatigue.

Action-back blouses, or blouses with fullness, permit freer shoulder movements. Skirts should be moderately wide to allow free movement.

5. Wedgies, bedroom slippers, and dress shoes with high heels increase the danger of tripping. Poorly fitted shoes do not give proper support and often cause fatigue. Broken shoe laces may cause tripping. Shoe heels and soles should be kept in good repair.

6. Rayon and cotton napped fabrics that have not been given flame resistant treatment catch fire easily and burn rapidly. Extensive experiments have been conducted in making materials flame resistant, and when these are available on the market, another step will have been taken toward safety.

Plan your spending to include all your wants—and to get what you want most for your money. Consider the type of clothes which you need, and consider the design with regard to the service which you expect. Consider the whole wardrobe and make the new purchases relate to it in safety, color, and becomingness—and, above all, let us follow the old rhyme when selecting clothes so that we may improve our techniques to gain the ultimate in quality when making our selections:

Good, better, best
Never let them rest
Till your good is better
And your better, best!

CHASTISEMENT

Genevieve J. Van Wagenen

The tree held out her lovely arms
To bathe in April's rain;
The wind peeked down, while passing,
And thought her rather vain,
In need of some chastisement—
He had impressive plans:
With quick, staccato action,
He bent and slapped her hands.

APRIL WISDOM

Maude Blixt Trone

When April came I closed my books
Without so much as marking pages;
No searching there for hidden truths,
Or knowledge garnered through the ages,
When in the meadow was revealed
A chemistry unknown to student.
I knew, with warm root-pulsing loam
Against my hand, it was more prudent
To walk the hills and read the law
In everything I touched and saw.

The Woman of the Shawl

C. Frank Steele

I MET her quite casually, the Woman of the Shawl. She must have been past seventy, and she was quite bent, but there was a radiance about her face that made it saintly. She reminded me of my own mother. The goodness of her heart shone through her kindly eyes.

I can see her now, the Woman of the Shawl, going to church as faithfully as the good bishop himself. She never missed her Sunday School classes; she always said, "Living means learning." Always she went early. I remember meeting her one spring morning. The trees along the avenue were leafing out; the grass was showing green. The air was sweet and bracing.

"Good morning! And isn't this a perfect spring day?"

It was the Woman of the Shawl. She always wore a shawl, and she was smiling. There was a graciousness in her voice that warmed me.

"It is—Mother," I said. The "Mother" slipped out quite unconsciously. But I could see it pleased her. "A rare morning, indeed. You go to church early."

"Yes, always. I love the early morning air. Then I think that my going to Sunday School early might encourage others to do the same. I think one gets a little closer to God in the early morning. It's so quiet." And down the street, toward the little church on the corner, she walked.

I met her again. It was in the summer, and although the day was new, the sun was warm.

"Good morning!" she cried. "Isn't it grand to be alive?"

"It is, Mother, but aren't you suffering from this terrific July heat we are having?" I asked.

"Not at all. You see, I even have my shawl around me. Somehow, I cling to it the year round. We are such good friends. I feel lost without it. And then, how could one complain of anything when one has a bed of pansies like this?" And she pointed to a mass of lovely blooms at her feet. Her eyes fairly feasted on them. I had not noticed them before.

It was autumn, and our pansy bed was a bit forlorn and faded and the trees were shedding their first yellow and gold leaves. There was a first hint of frost in the air; the call of the birds was wistful. It was on such a morning that I again met the Woman of the Shawl, and, curiously enough, we met at our pansy bed. I had always called it "our pansy bed," after that summer meeting.

Her greeting was that same happy "Good morning!" And she added, "How nippy the air is!"

"Nippy it is, Mother. We're already well into autumn, and isn't it a shame our pansies must die? Life is cruel that way, Mother," I said.

She looked at me. "No, my son, life is not cruel. Nothing is lost. Life is kind, if we are kind. Even

in January, under the snow, everything seems dead. But there is life there. It is so comforting to know that, don't you think?"

And I confessed that it was, as I left the brave little figure in the shawl.

Came winter. The trees were bare, and a piercing wind was blowing out of the north. Under the deep snow lay our pansy bed. Would I meet her on a morning like this? Not likely, I thought, as I huddled deeper in my great coat and picked my way through the drifting snow.

Suddenly, I spied her. Her head was down and she was picking her way through the snow. I noticed, too, that she was not alone this morning. Beside her trudged a small child, a girl. The child's hand was held firmly by the old woman, as, together, they faced the raw wind.

I called, "Well, here we are meeting again! Good morning, Mother."

"It is a bit stormy, but how white the snow is!" she answered. "I never saw prettier snow." Her voice was cheery.

I looked closer. "But, Mother—the shawl, where is it?"

She chuckled. "It's here." And she patted the head of the child. Sure enough, there it was, pinned about the head of the round-faced girl by her side.

"But, Mother, you are taking such risks. You should not have done this," I cried anxiously.

She was ready with her answer, as she always was. "You see, my boy, Betty's mother is in the hospital. She—she has no father. She needed the shawl more than I did."

We, the three of us, walked on together, silently. There were few abroad. I helped the old lady and the child along as best I could. It seemed to be growing colder. I looked down at the child and ventured, "My, Betty, this is a cold day, isn't it, dear?"

She looked up at me out of the shawl and said, "It was, Sir, before Granny Mahoney came along."

RECOMPENSE

Berta H. Christensen

For bitter disillusionment,
For hungers and their lasting scars,
Courage there is, that gleams through tears,
The healing night of stars;

For the great dark at journey's end—
Heartbreak in a silent room,
A benediction from a cross,
At dawn an empty tomb!

Color for the Centennial Summer

Flowers for Attractive Displays and Ground Coverings

Vesta P. Crawford

THERE is still time to plan and plant flower gardens that will make Utah's Centennial summer bright with radiant color. By a careful selection of bulbs, plants, and seeds, it will be a delight for home gardeners to create brilliant displays of color that may be seen from the streets of our towns and cities, and from the highways and country roads in the rural districts.

The Utah pioneers were garden-minded, and they loved flowers. The precious plants and seeds, brought from many lands and carried in handcarts and covered wagons across a thousand miles of wilderness, soon produced the flowers that bloomed inside the rock and adobe forts and graced the yards of the humble log cabins. The heritage of culture and beauty brought by the pioneers has been nourished in the mountain valleys, and this summer, particularly, should see a flowering of the pioneer tradition.

In making garden plans, the preparation of the soil is of utmost importance, since a strong and rapid growth of plants is necessary for display purposes and massed bloom effects. Most flowers require a soil well cultivated and enriched with peat moss or old leaves, and a liberal application of old barnyard manure or commercial fertilizer. Where the soil is heavy clay, it will be necessary to add some sand, as well as humus and fertilizer to the original soil.

Even the inexperienced gardener, in making a selection of summer flowers, will note that certain blossoms which are lovely for indoor bouquets do not make the best displays to be seen from the street. Fragile columbines and anemones, for instance, do not lend themselves to massed color effects, and the delicate cosmos and the graceful flax flowers will not make a gorgeous panorama of color. Also, it is well to remember that flowers of a single color make a more effective massed display than a mixture of colors.

Flowers for Borders

The appearance of the yard and the garden can be greatly improved by an effective use of border plants. These are used to edge lawns, paths, steps, shrubs, rose gardens, lily pools, and to provide borders in front of taller flowers. In selecting colors for the border, it is necessary to decide whether a contrasting effect is desired or whether a blending pattern is preferred. Many gardeners use blue border plants, such as ageratum or lobelia, and plant a background of tall yellow or gold marigolds or calendulas. White alyssum or rock cress (arabis) may be used in front of a bed of rose-colored zinnias. Blending of colors may be secured by planting pale pink, dwarf snapdragons as a border in front of tall snapdragons of deeper shades of pink or rose.

In choosing border plants, it is well to remember that bushy varieties make a much better mass effect than do the more spindly types of

flowers. All plants should be closely spaced in order to secure a complete ground covering.

Flowers of Medium Height

Among the many flowers which produce striking massed color effects, the most popular are the many varieties of petunias. The fringed and double petunias which have recently been developed in many exquisite varieties do not present such a striking effect, at a distance, as do the more brilliant single petunias. The so-called dwarf petunias are bushy and make a compact and colorful display. Some of the favorite dwarf varieties are:

Rose of Heaven (medium rose color)
Velvet Ball (deep mahogany red)
Royal Gem (rosy carmine)
Bright Eyes (light rose pink)
Glow (carmine red)
Igloo (creamy white)

Among the large flowered bedding petunias, the Black Prince (very dark red) and Blue Wonder (cornflower blue) are excellent for display purposes.

Nasturtiums have long been favorites in home gardens. These flowers grow well in poor soil and may be planted on dry, sandy, or gravelly banks. The tall Glorious Gleam Hybrids and the dwarf varieties, Globe of Fire (flaming red), Indian Chief (vivid scarlet), Orange Gleam, and Primrose (yellow), all make gorgeous displays of striking color.

Iceland poppies (which may be grown in partial shade), snapdragons, marigolds, calendulas, and zinnias may be used for massed bedding effects. They are all hardy and grow rapidly. However, snapdragons are rather difficult to grow from seed, except under very favorable conditions, and it is, therefore, advisable to buy plants for the snapdragon bed.

Tall Flowers for Massed Bloom

Perennial Shasta daisies are extremely hardy, and if planted in full sun and watered well, they will grace the early summer garden with the beauty of their dense whiteness. Even in poor soil near hedges or trees, these daisies grow vigorously. If the faded blossoms are cut immediately after blooming, new foliage will spring up and make a good ground cover.

The gayest of the tall summer flowers is the phlox. It is advisable to secure phlox plants, since these flowers are difficult to raise from seed quickly enough to bloom the first year. Many varieties have large florets and heavy heads of bloom. The colors occur in various dainty "art" shades, but the deeper colors make more striking displays when viewed from a distance. Flash (rich, dark red), Charles Curtis (flaming scarlet), Border Queen (watermelon pink), Caroline Vandenburg (blue) make the richest massed color effects.

Delphiniums, in many exquisite shades of blue, violet, and red, have been greatly improved within the last few years. Taller stems, with more brilliantly colored and more closely spaced florets, have been developed. They are now considered among the best flowers for perennial borders. Some of them grow as tall as six feet and produce immense flowers of great brilliance. Favorite varieties are:

Blue Bird (clear, medium blue)
Black Knight (dark violet)

Summer Skies (light blue)
Belladonna (turquoise blue)
Cardinale (scarlet)

HOLLYHOCKS, which were very popular in pioneer gardens, now present, in improved varieties, an even more stately and colorful appearance. Planted against fences, along the walls of garages and sheds, or massed against arbors or gateposts, they make otherwise plain or unsightly places beautiful with radiant color. Some of the flowers look like great double roses and some resemble the rich and exquisite camellias. Hollyhocks have been called "towers of beauty," and they are among the most easily raised garden flowers. A choice can be made from these gorgeous colors: Colorado sunset, black, deep salmon red, maroon, lilac, Newport pink, salmon, scarlet, rose, and yellow.

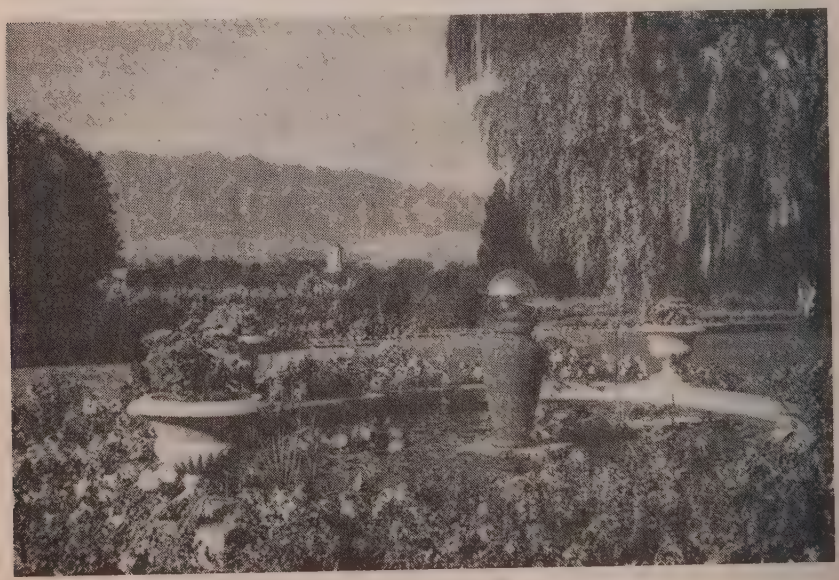
Summer-flowering Bulbs

Very large and elegant are the cannas of summertime. They have wide, tropical leaves, and their blossoms are of unusual size and richness. Dormant bulbs must be planted early in the spring, but plants which have been started in pots can be set out from April into June, thus producing blossoms for many weeks. Favorite cannas are:

King Humbert (scarlet)
The President (very dark, glowing scarlet)
Orange Humbert (flame colored)
Yellow King Humbert (very deep yellow)

Gladioli, if planted close together, and selected in the richer shades, make beautiful gardens which will attract attention from the street. A few bulbs may be planted each week, from April into summer, to give a succession of blossoms until frost.

Many gardeners consider dahlias



Photograph by T. J. Howells, M.D.

A FORMAL GARDEN, SHOWING THE EFFECT OF MASSED PETUNIAS

as the flower kings of the garden. Some plants grow six to eight feet tall and produce blossoms as large as dinner plates. The hurried gardener, however, should omit dahlias from his planting since they require care and cultivation, and many of them must be staked so that the large flowers can be adequately supported.

Many of the hardy lilies, the red Pardalinum giganteum, the coral lily, and the regal lily are stately additions to the flower garden, and they are particularly attractive for informal arrangements.

Hardy Flowers for Ground Cover

Many gardeners find that, in addition to their formal garden arrangements, there are plots of ground which are too large for intensive tending and cultivation. There are a number of hardy annuals which may be sown broadcast in these otherwise vacant spaces. California poppies, bachelor buttons, marigolds, calendulas, larkspur, and many other hardy flowers grow well with very little attention, and some of them do not require much irrigation. Candytuft, alyssum, and snow-on-the-mountain (Euphorbia), once planted, seed themselves year after year, and make a field of beauty so thick that even weeds find little opportunity for growth. Among perennial plants which make excellent ground covers are the various types of violets and violas, which do well in shaded localities and provide a thick carpet of beautiful greenery after the modest blossoms have faded.

Climbing Vines and Flowers for Backgrounds

Old fences, unsightly garages, sheds, and tool houses may be covered by quick-growing vines and flowers which make a beautiful background and camouflage the shabby structures that give an unsightly appearance to many yards. For this purpose, morning glories are an excellent choice. They will quickly climb a trellis, an arbor, a telephone pole, or a porch post, and they will make an ugly fence into a bower of beauty. If planted early, morning glories will provide a profusion of blossoms from July until freezing weather in the fall. Heavenly Blue morning glories are perhaps the most popular variety, but there are ruby red, rose red, white, and other beautiful colors. Morning glories thrive even in poor soil, but they need full sunlight.

Other flowering vines which make rapid and dense growth are: perennial sweet peas; cathedral bells (Cobaea), rapid climbers with bell-shaped green flowers which turn to purple; cypress vine, with its lovely scarlet or white flowers; balloon vine (love-in-a-puff); moonflowers, which grow as tall as twenty-five feet and produce blossoms in many lovely colors; the cardinal climber, covered with a blaze of red flowers; and the popular fleece vine.

Gourd vines, with their shining foliage and varicolored fruits of strange and interesting shapes, make unusual and attractive background coverings, and the various types of flowering beans are useful for this purpose.

With foresight and planning, the Centennial gardens can be made into brilliant displays of color that will reflect the ideals of our garden-loving pioneers.

A Reward for Cheerful Service

A True Incident

Lucinda M. Chidester Harrington

IT was a cold, bleak morning. Two Relief Society visiting teachers were driving along in an old, one-horse rig. The loose tires rattled as they bounced over the rough highway, throwing dirt and clods into the laps of the sisters. The decrepit, straw fed horse needed constant urging to keep him moving.

As the sisters shivered with cold, one asked, "I wonder if we do enough good to pay for all the freezing and thawing we go through, traveling fourteen miles to go around our district?"

"Well, Sister Marble," the other teacher replied, "we are doing our duty, and I am always reminded of a memory gem given by one of the sisters, 'Do your duty, that is best, leave unto your God the rest.'"

Just then the rig rounded a hill and the women saw a spiral of smoke rising from the chimney of a log cabin.

"Well, it looks like Sister Nettie must still be in the valley; we must stop and see," exclaimed Sister Chidester.

The cabin looked gloomy and dark, with a piece of canvas serving as the only door. On hearing the rig, a pale-faced woman came out to meet them, and burst into tears. As she talked between sobs, the sisters learned that her husband had left a while ago to find work in town, promising to return later for his family. But the days had grown into weeks and only that morning they had heard that he had left for parts unknown.

Three pale little children huddled in a corner trying to keep warm; they were wearing shoes made from an old wagon cover and very thin and meager clothing. The mother said that for days they had had nothing to eat but some rice.

The visiting teachers at once drove home as fast as they could, but soon came back through the bitter cold in a whitetop, bringing flour, butter, and eggs from their own scanty stores.

No Santa Claus was ever welcomed more joyfully than were those two humble Relief Society teachers that cold winter day, and no hearts were ever happier for having performed a simple duty in God's service.

BE STILL

Olive C. Wehr

Here a tender blade of green
Pushes its way up through the sod—
A miracle before our eyes;
"Be still, and know that I am God."
Fear not for loved ones sleeping
Beneath the cold earth clod.
Fear not for those who are asleep;
"Be still, and know that I am God."

(Psalm 46:10)

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

Regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes from the Field" appear in the Magazine for October 1946, page 685.

RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAARS AND GENERAL ACTIVITIES

EAST JORDAN STAKE (UTAH), EAST MIDVALE WARD
MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS PARTY, MAY 21, 1946

Front row, at left: Mildred Nilsson, President, East Midvale Ward Relief Society; standing back of Sister Nilsson, is Sylvia Walker, First Counselor; at left, back of Sister Walker, is Josephine Burmingham, Second Counselor; in front of the door, back center, Mima Neilson, Secretary.

At extreme right, Annie Malstrom, eighty-five, grandmother of one of the girls; back of Sister Malstrom, is Sarah Goff, chairman of the party.

Sister Vella C. Jones, President, East Midvale Stake Relief Society, reports a very successful sewing project: "The girls of the East Midvale Ward were given the privilege of assisting with Welfare sewing. At ten A.M. the work began. Sister Sylvia Walker and the mothers were there ready to teach the girls. At noon a lunch was served under the direction of Ruby Sorenson and Zoe Adams. Present were 41 mothers, 39 daughters, and 5 stake board members. One quilt was quilted, 8 handkerchiefs made, many quilt blocks cut and pressed, and other articles completed, and greatest of all, the occasion brought the mothers and daughters close together and taught them the value of helping people less fortunate than themselves."

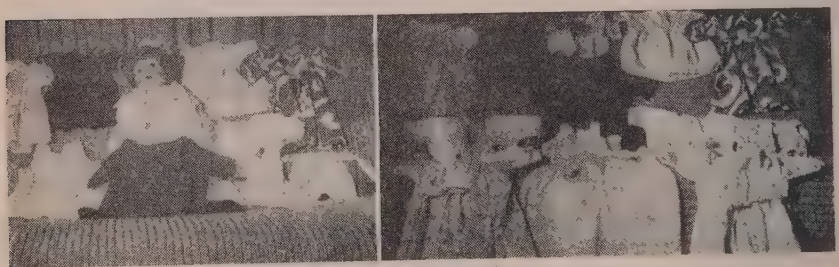
PORTLAND STAKE (OREGON), UNIVERSITY PARK WARD VISITING TEACHERS

Kneeling and holding the plaque: Rhoda Walton; seated: Julia Smith.

Standing, left to right: Ada Hazel; Beth Barlow; Fontallie Gammet; Maud Woodward; Vera Farmer; Lucy Ball; Sarah Johnson; Milda Robertson; Katee Ward; Violet Kelly.

The plaque was presented to the University Park Ward by the Portland Stake Relief Society board on May 26, 1946, to honor the ward sisters as winners of a contest to determine the highest average in visiting teaching. The University Park Ward achieved 100 per cent in this activity from October 1945 to May 1946. They must hold this percentage for three full years in order to retain the plaque.

Photograph submitted by Estella Crockett, Portland Stake visiting teachers supervisor. Dorothy A. Peterson is president of the Portland Stake Relief Society.



NORTHERN STATES MISSION, LANSING (MICHIGAN) BRANCH EXHIBIT OF DOLL CLOTHING

The Lansing Branch, averaging about eight members, exhibited, at Christmas time, the articles which had been made in work meetings. Included were many lovely aprons and complete wardrobes for three dolls. The doll clothes are shown in the above photographs.

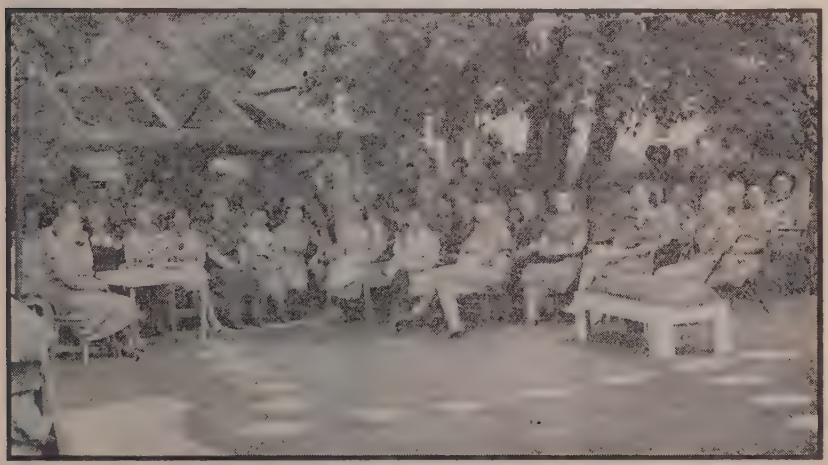
Photographs submitted by Elmira Eyre, Secretary-Treasurer, Lansing Branch Relief Society. Elna P. Haymond is president of the Northern States Mission Relief Society.

AUSTRALIAN MISSION REPORT ON *THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE*

The Australian Mission *Magazine* representative sends the following interesting comments:

"In appreciation of the love, understanding, and great service rendered to us through *The Relief Society Magazine*, we, your sisters from 'Down Under,' wish to voice our appreciation. Under the guidance of the mission Relief Society presidents—Sisters Hazel B. Tingey, Florence Rees, Maude M. Judd, June Orme, and now again, our beloved Florence Rees, we have learned the value of the *Magazine* in our lives. In 1933 we had 39 subscribers in this mission. During the last drive, we attained the high quota of 305. Each branch *Magazine* agent has worked diligently to place the *Magazine* in many good homes, both of members and non-members of the Church. Without wishing to segregate any particular branch for special praise, I feel I would like to state that the Hurstville Branch has always shown outstanding progress in subscription sales. This branch has a membership of 23, and the subscriptions total 72. As several families have two members on the roll, I think this is a remarkable achievement.

"The placing of such high class reading matter, with the broad religious outlook depicted within the pages of the *Magazine*, is a means for turning the key in the doors of people's homes and admitting the missionaries, who are again entering the field."



KOLOB STAKE (UTAH), SPRINGVILLE FIFTH WARD PARTY HONORING THE VISITING TEACHERS, JUNE 9, 1946

This lovely party was held in the gardens at the home of Florence Reynolds, under the direction of President Alice Davis, First Counselor Barbara Francis, Second Counselor Elen Erdmann, and Secretary Helen Robbins. An interesting program was prepared by Nettie Thorne, Ella Reynolds, and Delphia Hardy. Stake Board member Malinda Sumsion presented a tribute of appreciation for the visiting teachers and each of these honored guests was given a rose corsage and a copy of the poem "The Visiting Teacher's Prayer," by Eva M. R. Salway, published in the March 1945 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*. During the program, Don Gottfredson gave two vocal solos, Afton Ash presented two humorous readings, and a group of friendship and cheer songs was sung by the Relief Society members. One of these was "The Visiting Teacher's Song," which was sung to the tune of "Put On Your Old Gray Bonnet." The words were written by Dora Meyrick and acted out by Carrie Hansen. The singing was under the direction of Zina Condie. Climaxing the program, Jesse Dalton gave three readings.

The faithful visiting teachers of the Fifth Ward have had a 100 per cent teaching record for about two years, with the exception of one district for one month. There are twenty-six districts in the ward.

NORTH IDAHO FALLS STAKE (IDAHO)
RELIEF SOCIETY WELFARE COUNSELORS AND WORK DIRECTORS

Front row, left to right: Elizabeth Godfrey, First Counselor, Idaho Falls First Ward; Louie Stucki, First Counselor, Coltman Ward; Hannah Wilkins, work leader, Coltman Ward; Sarah Murdock, work leader, Idaho Falls Seventh Ward; Berneice Bybee, President, Hamer Branch Relief Society.

Back row, left to right: Harriet Richards, First Counselor, Osgood Ward; Mary Montague, work leader, Osgood Ward; Ellen Johnson, First Counselor, Shelton Ward; Vella Evans, First Counselor, North Idaho Falls Stake; Annie Nielsen, stake work leader; Luna Norton, work leader, Idaho Falls Fourth Ward; Olive Burtenshaw, Second Counselor, Idaho Falls Fourth Ward; Helen Skinner, Second Counselor, Milo Ward; Laura McKinley, Second Counselor, Terreton Ward.

RENO STAKE (NEVADA), RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS

Seated, left to right: President Isabel Cooke; Second Counselor Blanche Bertelson. Standing, left to right: Secretary-Treasurer Dolores T. Lindsay; First Counselor Hortense Shupe.

SALT LAKE STAKE (UTAH), MAGAZINE REPRESENTATIVES

Seated, left to right: Clara T. Woodbury, Elizabeth Duckworth, Pearl Brown, of the Seventeenth Ward committee; Mary A. Kirkham of the Fourteenth Ward.

Standing, left to right: Mabel H. Burgoyne, counselor in the Relief Society stake presidency; Frieda K. Jones of the Nineteenth Ward; Melba Barnes, Capitol Hill Ward; May S. Hawkes, Twenty-Second Ward; Lona A. Nelson, Twenty-Fourth Ward; Nellie A. Harter, Twenty-Third Ward (inset).

NORTH CENTRAL STATES MISSION, WINNIPEG (MANITOBA, CANADA) RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR, NOVEMBER 1946

Shown with the handwork articles are the officers of the Winnipeg Branch Relief Society, left to right: President Helen Archer; sewing chairman, Belvoir McBeath; Secretary Anne Merkley; First Counselor Marjorie Berthman. Ann Jane L. Killpack is president of the North Central States Mission.

SOUTHERN STATES MISSION, MIAMI BRANCH (FLORIDA) STATIONERY PROJECT

Effie F. Meeks, President, Southern States Mission Relief Society, reports an interesting project carried out by the sisters of the Miami Branch. For making novel and beautiful stationery, the Miami Relief Society members buy twenty-four full size sheets of stationery and forty-eight envelopes, costing thirty cents. The large sheets are then cut in half to make the note size. The edges are tinted with a colored crayon. Designs are cut from printed cloth and pasted on the stationery. Twelve sheets and envelopes sell for fifty cents. The variety of design and color which may be worked out in this stationery provides a very interesting and worthwhile project and much of the stationery is sold at the branch bazaars.

WOODRUFF STAKE, HILLIARD WARD (WYOMING) VISIT OF PRESIDENT WARBURTON TO HILLIARD WARD

Esther L. Warburton, President, Woodruff Stake Relief Society, reports a visit she and others made to the Hilliard Ward, November 3, 1946. Hilliard, with an elevation over 7,000 feet, is in the high country eighteen miles from Evanston. A strong wind was blowing and the roads were rough and slippery. The ruts were deep, and, once in them, it was necessary to stay there. "We moralized, as we drove along, how true it was to life, how easy to get into a rut and how hard to get out of one. However, as we turned into the lane that led to the little church, a particularly slippery bypath showed that another car had already skidded off there into the ditch. Immediately, we followed suit and skidded, too, showing again that if others go astray, it is easy to follow their lead. Our menfolks got out and shoveled and tried to get the car onto the road, but all in vain. An east wind was doing its best to make things more uncomfortable, when along came the good bishop and his family in their truck. So, with all hands to the

rescue, we were finally on the way to the church. On reaching there, the men went in and kindled a fire. While we were waiting in the car the bishop's wife told of the many things they have to overcome in order to hold Relief Society meetings. Sometimes she comes on horseback, with one child back of her, holding on, and one in front. Then sometimes they come to Relief Society meeting in a wagon with the children on a bed of hay, covered with warm quilts. In spite of all these drawbacks, the Hilliard Ward Relief Society presented every lesson last year, gained two new members, completed their Welfare assignment, collected forty bars of soap for Europe, collected a box of clothing for the saints overseas, and gave a party for the returned servicemen. Two years ago the Hilliard Ward Relief Society sisters served an anniversary banquet when the temperature outdoors was forty degrees below zero.

CENTRAL STATES MISSION, EL DORADO BRANCH (ARKANSAS) GENERAL BOARD BUILDING FUND CONTRIBUTION

This novel, heart shaped apron was recently sent to the office of the General Board of Relief Society. Various amounts of money were pinned on the apron as a contribution to the Relief Society General Board Building Fund. The sisters of the El Dorado Branch expressed in this way their loyalty to the Society and their co-operation in planning for a home for the general offices of the Relief Society. The sisters who made this contribution are Birdie Wright, Cora Craig, Mable Griffin, Ima Adcox, Joe Elin Griffin, and Maude Flemmekin. Martha W. Brown is president of the Central States Mission Relief Society.

NORTHWESTERN STATES MISSION LAYETTE ASSIGNMENT

Left to right: Elder Granville Oleson; Lenora K. Bringhurst, President Northwestern States Mission Relief Society.

Sister Bringhurst reports an unusually successful project in which more than one hundred baby layettes were made, assembled, and shipped to the missions in Europe. All eighty of the Relief Societies in the Northwestern States Mission participated wholeheartedly in the assignment, many of the organizations sending in double the number of articles requested. When the layettes were received at the mission home in Portland, the missionaries assisted Sister Bringhurst in sorting and preparing the layettes for shipment. Each package included three dozen diapers, six gowns, four short jackets, three shirts, four pairs bootees, four pairs of stockings, six receiving blankets, one large blanket, one set of wool bootees, bonnet, and jacket, one rubber sheet, one soaker, sheet blankets, and such incidentals as cotton, oil, powder, soap, and safety pins.

PAROWAN STAKE (UTAH), CEDAR FIFTH WARD "BRIDES DAY"

Annie C. Esplin, counselor in the Cedar Fifth Ward Relief Society, reports a "Brides Day" meeting which was held in December 1946. Corsages were presentd to the bride married the longest and to the bride most recently married. The oldest woman present, Sister Jane Jones, had been married sixty-eight years, and the youngest woman had been married six weeks. One of the young mothers, Sister Lois Windsor, gave a very instructive and inspirational talk, a part of which is quoted here: "It is a privilege and an honor for me to engage in Relief Society work because I am entering the most important phase of my life—the establishment of a home and the rearing of a family. The success of my home depends upon the knowledge with which I meet my daily problems. In partnership with my husband, and with faith, love, understanding, and security, we have a good chance to create a harmonious world for our children. The home is the child's world."

PORTNEUF STAKE (IDAHO), SWAN LAKE WARD RELIEF SOCIETY PARTY HONORING SISTER LIZZIE KAY ON HER EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY, FEBRUARY 6, 1947

Thelma Gamble, President, Swan Lake Ward Relief Society reports a birthday party held in honor of "Aunt Lizzie" Kay on her eightieth birthday anniversary. A program of singing and readings was presented and a sketch of life history of Sister Kay was read. "Aunt Lizzie" has spent thirty-three years in Relief Society work as president and counselor. A tribute in the form of a poem, written by Sister Kay's oldest granddaughter, Gladys Heckert, was read as a feature of the occasion.

SOUTHERN ARIZONA STAKE, ST. DAVID WARD BAZAAR December 4, 1946

Gladys E. Huish, President, Southern Arizona Stake Relief Society, reports that the bazaar held in the St. David Ward was unusually successful. Many items of food, including chili beans, tamale pie, ice cream, cake, pie, and popcorn balls were sold. In the handwork department, five large quilts, four crib quilts, dresses, shirts, baby dresses, aprons, pot holders, pillowcases, luncheon cloths, scarves, and beautiful crocheted sets were displayed for sale. Mrs. Tulley, a non-member of the Church, made some lovely figurines and contributed them to the bazaar.

Gladys McRae is president of the St. David Ward Relief Society

LYMAN STAKE (WYOMING), GREEN RIVER WARD RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS

Left to right: President Lillian Butters; First Counselor Gertrude Russell; Second Counselor Bertha Bloomquist; Secretary-Treasurer, Gertrude Anderson.

YOUNG STAKE (NEW MEXICO), FARMINGTON WARD RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR, DECEMBER 1946

Standing in front of the handwork articles are the officers of the Farmington Ward Relief Society, left to right: President Lucy S. Burnham; First Counselor Blanche Tanner; Second Counselor and work director, Georgana Lillywhite; assistant work director Courilla James. Secretary Beth Christensen was absent when the photograph was taken.

The articles featured at this bazaar were unusually well made of good quality materials. The quilts, especially, were beautiful and the large assortments of aprons and crocheted doilies were a real accomplishment. The organization made $392.92 the first night of the bazaar and many useful articles were left. These were later sold for Christmas presents.

The project of the Farmington Ward this year is to enroll the young mothers as active members of the Relief Society. A baby tender is provided at each meeting.

DENVER STAKE (COLORADO) RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS

Left to right: Margaret Drury, housing and employment director; Helen Walker,

theology class leader; Harriet Dalton, laterature class leader; Beatrice Self, Secretary; Ilah Smith, Second Counselor; Erma Rice, President; Ellen Arrowsmith, First Counselor; May Varner, magazine representative.

Erma Rice, President, Denver Stake Relief Society, reports a project in which an apron sale was held to secure funds for buying materials for making burial clothing. Each ward in the stake donated five aprons, and the stake board donated twenty aprons. The apron sale was held as a feature of the annual stake party in June 1946. Decorations were carried out in the Relief Society colors and refreshments were served. The apron sale netted $100.

UINTAH STAKE (UTAH), ASHLEY WARD VISITING TEACHERS

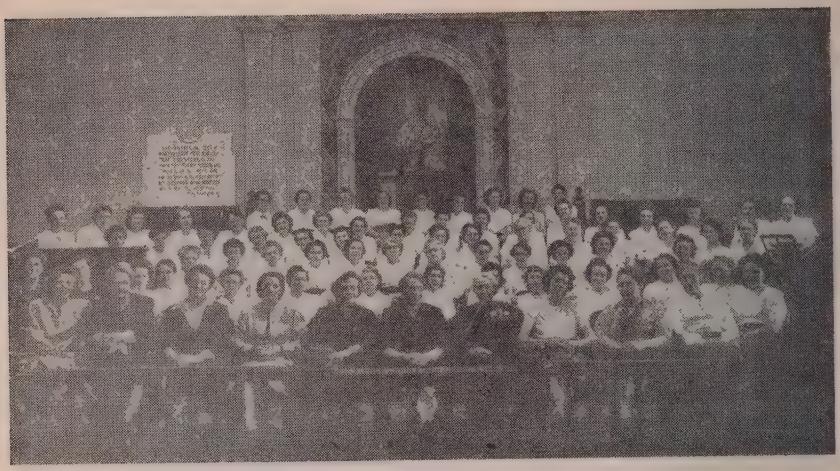
Front row, left to right: Clara Preece; Flora Winn; Nellie O. Merkley; Mary A. Preece; Annie Morrison; Erma Toone.

Back row, left to right: Beatrice Harrison; Della Chivers; Flossie Pace; Eva Mecham; Stella Freestone; Anna Smith; May H. Freestone.

These visiting teachers achieved a 100 per cent record in 1946. The two sisters wearing corsages and holding the picture have each served twenty-five years as a visiting teacher. The picture they are holding was presented to the Ashley Ward by the stake Relief Society at a visiting teachers' convention January 26, 1946. At this convention, 265 visiting teachers were in attendance, and fifty-five women were honored with corsages for having served more than twenty-five years as visiting teachers.

OAKLAND STAKE (CALIFORNIA), VISITING TEACHERS CONVENTION

Mildred Pearce Morgan reports the first visiting teachers convention held by the new Oakland Stake since the dividing of the stake into Berkeley and Oakland Stakes. The convention was held February 20, 1947, in the Elmhurst Ward chapel on the Oakland hills, overlooking San Francisco Bay. Stake President of Relief Society Hilda Perkins presided and 150 visiting teachers were in attendance. Inspirational talks were given by Inez MacFarlane, Ivy Breck, Ganel Miller, and Ruth S. Hilton, former president of Oakland Stake Relief Society. Many interesting and helpful experiences in visiting teaching were related, showing the spirit of service and the accomplishments of the faithful sisters in this activity. The Singing Mothers of Dimond Ward furnished music. Two vocal solos were rendered by Mary Bolles, a recent convert to the Church. Following the convention, a social hour was enjoyed and refreshments served.



SOUTH DAVIS STAKE (UTAH), RELIEF SOCIETY SINGING MOTHERS
At the Visiting Teachers' Convention, January 26, 1947
in the Bountiful Tabernacle

Seated in front of the piano: Chorister Stella Mills and organist Dora H. Barlow. Front row, left to right: Work director Lena G. Blamires; literature leader Mary F. Evans; social science leader Eveline B. Bjorkman; President Reva F. Wicker; General Board member Lillie C. Adams; Second Counselor Ruth A. Page; visiting teachers' supervisor Zelda H. Mills; theology leader Irene D. Sorenson.

The Bountiful Tabernacle is one of the oldest Church buildings still in use. It was dedicated February 11, 1857 by Lorenzo Snow and, later, the spires were dedicated by President Brigham Young. Note the bust of the Prophet Joseph Smith in the center background.

I SHALL BE GLAD

Jeanette P. Parry

I shall be glad when spring unfolds her tapestries
And daffodils sway down the garden walks;
I shall be glad when meadow larks wake up the dawn
And strutting robins give their courtship talks.

I shall be glad when men, as brothers on the earth,
Help guard the lambs within the shepherd's flock,
When all the dormant earth pulsates with eager life,
And cripples lay their crutches down and walk.

It is not new, life from seeming death emerging,
This constant challenge of the budding spring;
He who gave his life upon the cross of Calvary,
Now reigns supreme as Master, Lord, and King.

The RIGHT Support
for You
CORSETRY BY
CHARIS
Accurate figure-control analysis by your specially trained Charis Corsetiere—Free of charge—by appointment in your home

Theodocia Melville

Tel.3-6483 555 Third Ave.

Salt Lake City, Utah

Temple and Burial Clothing

Prompt and Careful Attention to Mail, Telephone, and Telegraph Orders

GENERAL BOARD
OF RELIEF SOCIETY

Telephone 3-2741
Exchange 244
28 Bishop's Building
Salt Lake City 1, Utah

Say It With Flowers!

Make Your Home Grounds The Beauty Spot of Your Neighborhood for this Centennial Year.

YOUR SUCCESS IS ASSURED
WITH P-W's MOUNTAIN GROWN

Seeds--Plants--Roses

Get Free Garden Book Giving Full Information

PORTER-WALTON CO.

SEED AND NURSERY SPECIALISTS

Salt Lake City, Utah

The "HOW" BOOK

For Genealogists

Written especially for those who wish to do their own genealogy research. This booklet tells of some things to do and exactly HOW to do them.

by
WALTER M. EVERTON
Genealogical Librarian, Cache County Public Library.

TELLS WHERE TO WRITE

The HOW book gives the post office address of 350 different sources of genealogical information

A MISSIONARY PROJECT

The HOW Book is published by the Cache Genealogical Mission which is sponsored by the Cache Stake. Profits will all be used to buy genealogical books for the library in Logan. Over 7000 have already been sold.

THE PRICE

Twenty-five cents each. Four for a dollar bill (no stamps please.) Send orders to W. M. Everton, Logan, Utah.

BOOKS—for the L.D.S. HOME

FAMILY ETERNAL

by Roy A. West

$2.25

◇◇◇

Also . . . Angie Earl's
LION HOUSE RECIPES
Recipes that have made Lion House cooking famous! $2.00.

BOOKCRAFT
1186 South Main Salt Lake City 4, Utah

QUILT PIECES

Good Quality Cotton Prints
Percales, Broadcloth, etc.

Fast Color Material

Special Prices to Relief Society Members

2 lbs. $1.00
5 lbs. 2.00

Nu-Needs Products

Plus postage and 2% Utah Sales Tax
Box 2215, Salt Lake City, Utah

ACCOMPLISHMENT should always be the result when energy is expended. Yet, like a dizzily spinning top, many businesses go 'round in the preparation of advertising and get nowhere. Month after month, the same thing happens again and again and nothing is accomplished by the expenditure of dollars that could be made to produce results. The function of a printing organization today is to help clients to plan printing that builds sales—to take copy and dramatize it, make it so irresistibly attractive that it must naturally draw the reader's attention. The waste of which we speak is often due to lack of understanding. Realization of this has made us sales minded. Your selling problem, and our experience puts us in a position to print your sales story so that it will get results.

THE DESERET NEWS PRESS

29 Richards Street—Salt Lake City, Utah

GOLDEN NUGGETS OF THOUGHT

A charming little book that everyone likes. Pocket size—carry it with you. Choice quotations from the writings of the wise. The title describes the book.

$1.00

HIGHWAY HELPS

LIGHTS ALONG LIFE'S GREAT HIGHWAY

Short discussions (150 of them) on the gospel and other subjects. Each offers 5 to 15 minutes of inspirational reading and food for more and better thinking.

$2.00

AND ALL LATTER-DAY SAINT BOOKS

Wouldn't you like to have handy in your home, a price list of all the books of the Church? It is free to you for the asking. Just write your name and address very plainly and mail to:

EZRA L. MARLER
BOOKS BY MAIL
P. O. Box 267, Salt Lake City, Utah

The **PERFECT**
Promotion Day Gift

a fine BIBLE
with the *National* imprint

The **AUTHORIZED** *King James Version*

SINCE 1863 . . . AT YOUR BOOKSTORE

BOOKS RECOMMENDED FOR RELIEF SOCIETY CHORISTERS

LADIES THREE-PART

ALL IN THE APRIL EVENING—Diack.....15
DEAR LAND OF HOME—Sibelius.....15
HEAR MY PRAYER—James.....15
HOLY REDEEMER—Marchetti.....15
HOW BEAUTIFUL UPON THE MOUNTAINS—Harker.....16
HOW LOVELY ARE THY DWELLINGS—Liddle.....15
HOW LOVELY ARE THE MESSENGERS—Mendelssohn.....12
O THAT THOU HADST HEARKENED—Sullivan.....12

(Postage Additional to Prices Quoted)

Prices on the above books upon request. We specialize in L.D.S. Church music. Also carry large stock for schools and home use. Dealers in Steinway and Lester pianos, band and orchestra instruments, talking machines, records and musicians' supplies.

DAYNES MUSIC CO.

We solicit your patronage

45-47 S. Main St. Salt Lake City 1

A Story You'll Never Forget!

"Sweet Love Remembered"

By Helen Cortez Stafford

A fast-moving romance based on the life of Mary Ann Phelps Rich, wife of Charles C. Rich, and mother of distinguished Utahns. The true, thrilling story of a noted family and their associates, from Missouri to Utah and Idaho. Use the coupon.

$2.75

DESERET BOOK CO.

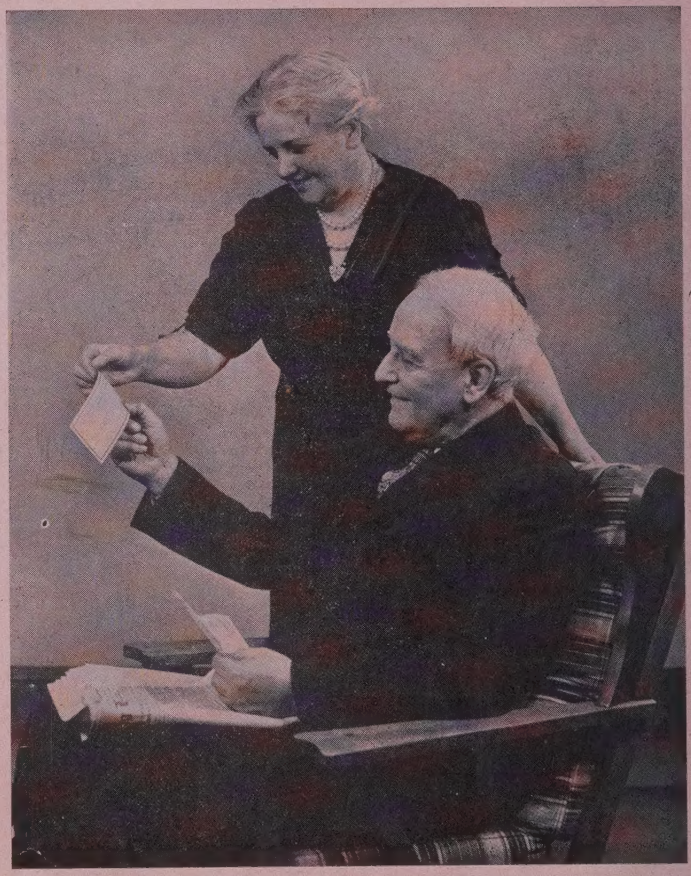
44 East South Temple P. O. Box 958 Salt Lake City 10, Utah

Enclosed is $..... Send ..... copies of "Sweet Love Remembered" at $2.75 each (plus 2% sales tax in Utah).

Name..... Address.....

U. S. POSTAGE
2¢ Paid
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH
PERMIT No. 690

MRS MARY J GRANT
2751 HIGHLAND DR
CITY S
33-0 JUL



A BRIGHT FUTURE

A regular monthly check for as long as they live. This means financial independence and security during their sunset years.

You too can enjoy a retirement income in later years by investing a small portion of your earnings in Beneficial Life Insurance.

BENEFICIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH — GEORGE ALBERT SMITH, PRESIDENT

"Founded to serve the West"